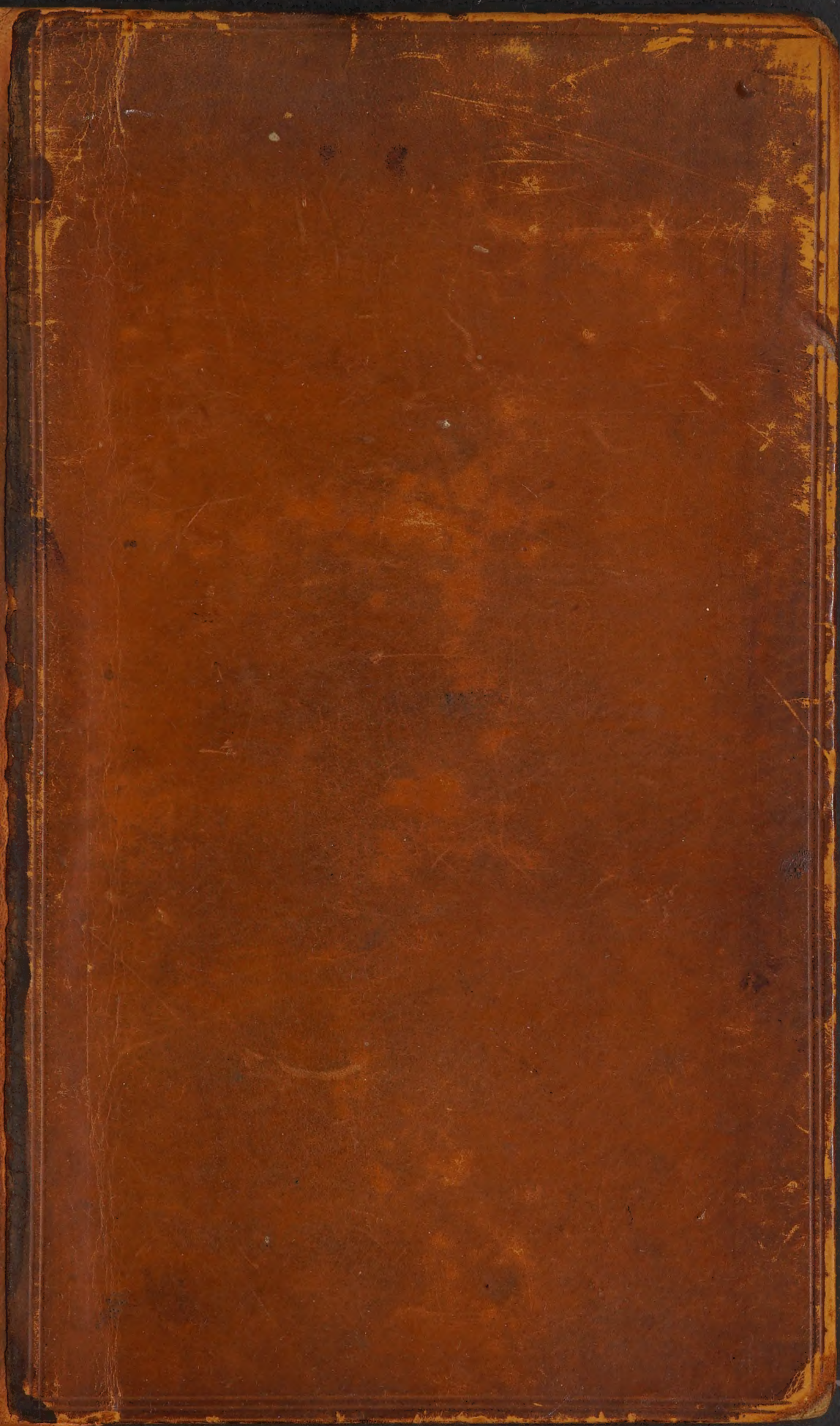




CHELWOOD
FIVE
NOVELS

LONDON
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628

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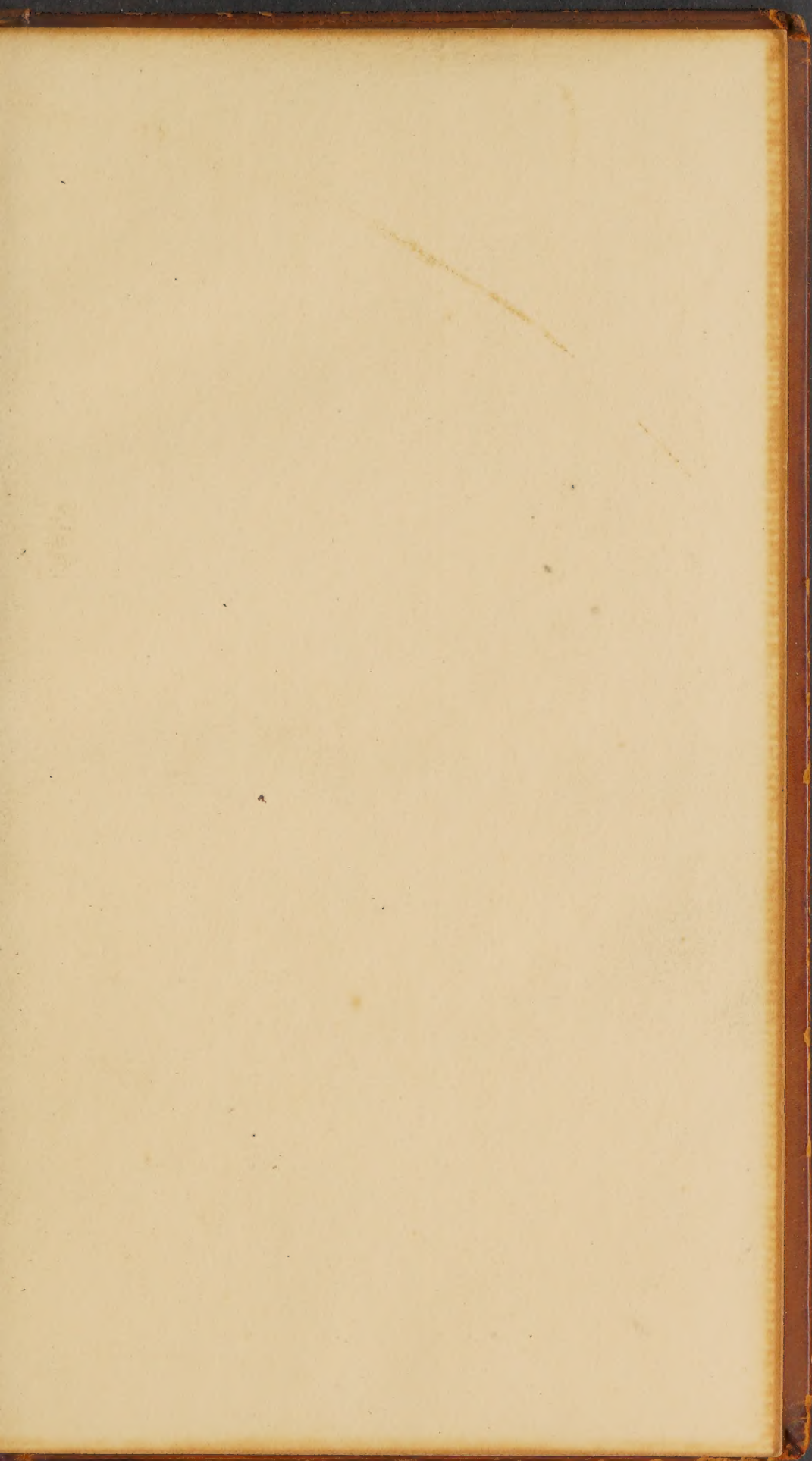
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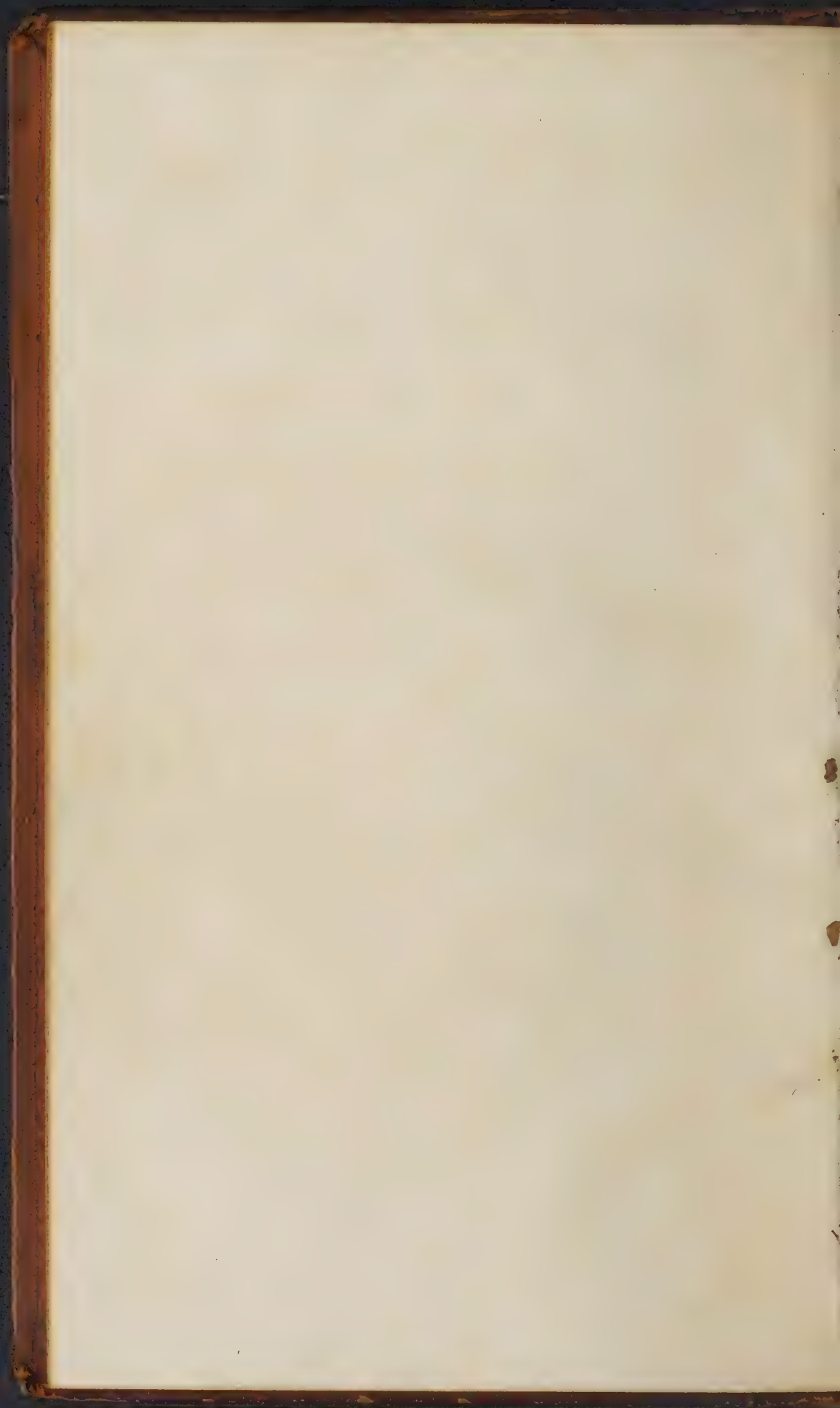
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VIZ.

- I. The TWINS; or, The FEMALE TRAVELLER.
 - II. The STEPMOTHER; or GOOD LUCK AT LAST.
 - III. The INHUMAN UNCLE; or, The REPENTANT VILLAINS.
 - IV. The VIRGIN WIDOW.
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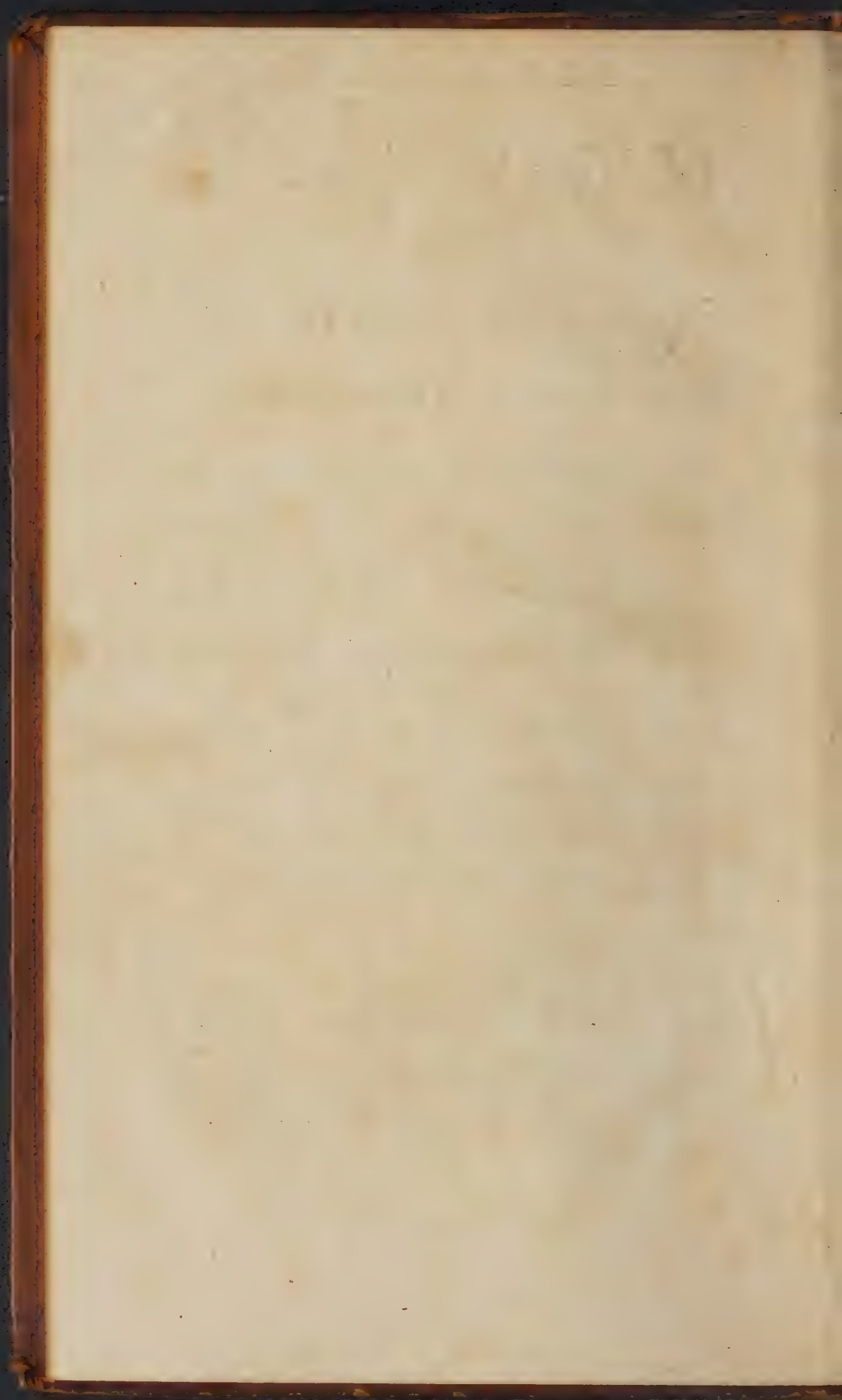
Written by

W. R. CHETWOOD,

Prompter to His Majesty's Company of COMEDIANS
at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*; and Author
of *Faulconer, Boyle, and Vaughan's Voyages, &c.*

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T H E
P R E F A C E.

 *SHOULD* not trouble the Reader with a Preface, if it were not to beg Pardon for not keeping my Word in the Publication. Six Weeks are elaps'd since I promis'd to deliver 'em to my Generous Subscribers, tho' the Fault was not altogether my own; and now they have 'em, I fear they may with Justice say, What no more for Money? And yet full enough, without it were better. However, the Foundation of the following little Histories are all built upon Truth; let the Superstructure be what it will, such as they are, I commit 'em to the candid Reader, with Hope they will not be condemn'd for their Simplicity of Dress: 'Tis true, Embroidery and Lace dazzle the Eye; but Honesty may appear

P R E F A C E.

in mean Cloathing. I wrote 'em in Confinement, and a Prison seldom elevates the Mind. 'Tis a common Saying, We are never too old to learn: But a Prison is certainly a very scurvy School; yet I have learnt a little better to read Mankind, and study the Art of Patience. Prosperity, like a flowing Tide, covers the Rocks in our Navigation of Life, while the hasty Ebb shews the Dangers of our Voyage, without being able to avoid them. Misfortune is the Touchstone of Friends, and few will stand the Trial. Yet I have found some, and their Obligations conferr'd on me shall never be forgot by their

Thankful humble Servant,

Feb. 20, 1740-1.

W. R. C.



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1. *The Illustrious Shepherdes.*
2. *The Banish'd Princess.*
3. *The Rival Brothers. And,*
4. *The Prince of Albania.*

Written originally in Spanish by Don Juan Perez de Montalvan, and now first Translated into English.

TRUE



TRUE
HISTORIES
AND
TALES, &c.



History the First.

THE
TWIN S;
OR THE
FEMALE TRAVELLER.



IN the *Reign* of Queen *ANNE* (whose Memory is still dear to Millions) there lived in the County of *Gloucester* a Merchant, who had acquired by Traffick a sufficient Fortune to make him easy the Rest of his Days. He was blest by Heaven with a tender Wife, and Two lovely Children, a Son and Daughter; beautiful Twins, so like each other, as not to be distinguish'd without a strict Examination.

B

Their

2 *The* T W I N S ; *or,*

Their Education and early Promise of Virtue, gave the utmost Joy to the fond Parents.

THE indulgent Father (not caring to trust his darling Son FREDERICK out of his Sight) well knowing that in common Schools, Youth often imbibe Vice that plunges them into Evils too stubborn to be conquer'd, provided a *Tutor* for him in his own House, whom we shall call MENTOR; where, in a few Years, he drank such large Draughts of Learning, that he was able to instruct others.

BUT what was more extraordinary, his beautiful Sister LUCRETIA equall'd him in every Branch of Learning; unless in those robust Exercises that did not become the Tenderness of that delicate Sex.

THE Parents, happy as this World could make them in Two such lovely Children, were the Joy and Delight of all that had the Happiness to know them; and would often dress their blooming Daughter in her Brother's Cloaths, to innocently impose on their frequent Visitants, whose common Mistakes would create Mirth for the whole Company.

THUS the Time pass'd away in virtuous Pleasures, 'till the admired Twins had reach'd their Fourteenth Year, without the least Cloud of Sorrow to obscure their Joys; but before the Year was expired, Death snatch'd the virtuous Mother from an inconsolable Husband, and lamenting Children, who notwithstanding their Learning, had not Philology enough to stop their Sighs, or dry their Tears. However Time, that wipes away Memory, or removes it at farther Distance (for if Grief were to continue with the same Force that it begins, the wisest Person upon Earth could not bear it) drove away incessant Sorrow, tho' whole Ages would never obliterate the Cause of their Grief.

THE pious Father, now fixt his only Comfort upon the loved Pledges she had left behind her, and began to think it was Time his Son should travel to improve his Observations of the World, tho' it was a new Death to think of parting with him. His former Traffick to several distant Climates, with an unblemish'd Character, had gain'd him Friends in most Places of *Europe*, where he intended his Son should visit; but the Sorrows, Sighs and Tears that were shed at parting of the *Father*, *Son*, and *Sister*, are not to be express'd in Words; and their Parent a thousand Times repented the fatal Separation. However, the destin'd Day arrived, which we will draw a Veil over to hide their tender parting.

IN Company with our young Traveller, went a Relation, whose Name was FERDINAND, a younger Brother to an
ancient

the FEMALE TRAVELLER. 3

ancient Family, much of the same Age, and the same Promises of growing Virtue ; which was some Consolation for the terrible parting with his dear Father, and lovely Sister, who had now pass'd the Age of Seventeen ; a Time dangerous to the amiable Sex, adorn'd with Beauty, and endow'd with Fortune ; yet

“ When Love's well tim'd, 'tis not a Fault to love ;
 “ The Strong, the Brave, the Virtuous and the Wife,
 “ Sink in the soft Captivity together.

BUT the least Particle of that Flame had not yet reach'd her Breast ; she was courted by many, even with the Consent of her Father, who told her, that he would not have her give her Hand, but where she could bestow her Heart. LUCRETIA thank'd him for his tender Regard he had for her Peace and Repose, yet begg'd she might not turn her Mind to think of the Wedlock State ; repeating at the same Time these Lines :

“ O let not Marriage tempt me to my Ruin.
 “ Trust not to Man ; they are by Nature false,
 “ Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and inconstant :
 “ When a Man talks of Love, with Caution hear him ;
 “ But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive me.

Well ! my Child, reply'd the Father, I am well pleas'd at thy Caution ; it shows thy Wisdom ; but then, in Answer to your Author, I must reply in the *Poetic* Strain, tho' a Thing I am seldom prone to.

When Hearts and Minds are pair'd above,
 There is no Harmony like Love.

Alas ! my dear Father, return'd the Daughter, were we to search the *Poets*, we could find many Arguments on both Sides ; therefore I once more beg we may drop the Subject, and grant me more Time e'er I launch on the turbulent Sea of Matrimony, that too often proves the Shipwreck of our Peace ; for I must own, the various Lovers that pretend to offer me their Vows, seem Monsters all, and ready to devour me. I have no Room yet in my Breast, but Duty for you, and a Sisterly Love for my dear Brother ; therefore I once more beg you wou'd dismiss 'em all ; who knows, but some

Quarrel may ensue, and Blood may be the Consequences, which would kill my Peace of Mind for ever.

THE Father was so much moved with her good Sense and open Heart, that he comply'd with her Desires, and dismiss'd her Retinue of Lovers with all the Decency he could, yet all would not take his Counsel to withdraw ; two of them still would force themselves into the House ; and being both powerful Men, of good Education and Fortunes, the Father, without the Breach of Hospitality and good Manners, could not decently get rid of them ; neither had he indeed any Objection to either of them for a Son-in-law, but his Daughter's Aversion to Wedlock, which Time might remove. LUCRETIA still follow'd her Studies so ardently, as if she had every Thing to learn, which gave her Father some Uneasiness, fearing it should impair her Health ; therefore, he prevail'd upon her to learn *Music*, and *Dancing* ; the latter she had learnt, when a Child, but had been so thirsty after Knowledge of a sublimer Stamp, that had thrust it out of her Memory ; however, to please so good a Father, at proper Times, she learnt of her Masters, and soon attain'd Perfection both in *Music* and *Dancing*. I have seen *Music* and *Songs* of her own Composition, that would not discredit the greatest Masters.

No w two Months were stole away, and no Tydings from our young Travellers, which gave the utmost Terror to the Father and the fair LUCRETIA, who expected to hear from him weekly. This severe Disappointment, with the Vexation and Importunity the young Ladies two Lovers gave her, almost distracted her. The Father sent to all his former Correspondents abroad ; but their Answers gave no Information, either of Him, or his Companion. *What a Wretch,* wou'd the Father cry, *was I to part with my dear Son, the Staff of my declining Age ! and send him to meet a Fate that might have been avoided ;* yet sometimes the Flatterer Hope, would steal in and comfort them ; that a thousand Accidents might fall to prevent their hearing from him.

THE continual Agitations of the mourning Father's Mind wrought so much upon him, that the Decay of his Body seem'd to denote a Dissolution from his Soul, and the Image of Death appear'd before Him. When he found he was summon'd to the eternal Regions, he call'd his lovely Daughter to approach his Bed, who attended, all drown'd in Tears. *I am going,* (said her Father) *to pay that Debt we all are bound to Nature. Grief for the Loss of my beloved Son, has hasten'd my Journey, for I am convinced he is no longer in this World ; had he a*
Being

the FEMALE TRAVELLER. 5

Being here, I am assured by this Time, we should have heard from Him. Thou, my lovely and surviving Child, must dry thy Tears, when I am laid in Earth. Remember the Dead are happy, freed from the Cares and Troubles of the World. The Living mourn for themselves; most of the Pangs I feel are from leaving thee behind; but thy Knowledge and Virtue will, I hope, sustain thee from the fallacious Mazes of this World, and guide thy unerring Steps. I have finish'd my Will in thy Behalf, where all I have is thine, save a few Legacies to my faithful Servants. — See my Corps be laid in the same Grave with my dear Wife, and Heaven for ever bless thee! After this he murmur'd to himself a short Prayer, and sent his last Breath into the Bosom of his lovely Daughter, who was ready to accompany him in Death, with the weighty Burthen of her Sorrows.

Now was this amiable Creature left an Orphan, tho' the Care of her Fortune, by her Father's Will, was entirely at her own Disposal, without a *Guardian*, tho' she had but just reach'd her Eighteenth Year. Never Child shew'd a more sincere Sorrow for a Parent's Loss than she did; yet her good Sense inform'd her, Tears cou'd not revive the Dead.

MENTOR, her Brother's Tutor, remain'd still in the House, and proved very serviceable to her in settling her Affairs. Business is often an Allay to Grief, while Idleness and Sloth nourish Vice; yet all her worldly Affairs could not bury the melancholy Thoughts of her Father and Brother's Death.

AFTER her Time of Business seem'd over, her Two troublesome Lovers began to try if her Father's Death had not alter'd her Mind; but all their Eloquence could not prevail; she appear'd more inflexible than ever; gave them to understand that she was Mistress of herself, wou'd remain so, and not put her Liberty in the Power of another. One of them took this as a final Denial, but the other, either being more in Love, or resolving to be more obstinate, plagued her still with his Passion; and when he could not see her, pester'd her with loving Epistles, which she as constantly committed to the Flames. Finding these had no Effect, he had Recourse to Stratagems; but all were baffled by the good Conduct of the virtuous young Lady. At last, by Bribes to one of her Maids, he gain'd Admittance into her Apartment in the Night, and after Intreaties fail'd, would have used Force; but the courageous Lady, snatching up a *Pistol* from the Window, drove him with his trembling Fears out of the House, and the next Morning turn'd her faithless Servant after Him.

FOR

6 The T W I N S ; or,

FOR some Time she heard no more of him; but one Morning early walking in her Garden to indulge her Sorrows, she was of a sudden seiz'd by three Fellows, and this impious Lover at the Head of 'em. He gain'd by his Gold the Key of the Garden, thro' the Means of that treacherous Servant she had turn'd away. When he had hurry'd the poor Lady out of the Garden unseen by any, he forced her on Horseback, and thro' by-Roads brought her to a House in a Forrest, fit for his damnable Intention, tho' adorn'd with Water, Woods and Lawns; when the Wretch had secur'd LUCRETIA in a Chamber, he let her know there she should remain, till she consented to marry him, and fixt the Time within the Month; but that expired, if she would not consent, he would try another Method. The sorrowful LUCRETIA made him no Reply, which so provoked the *Knight*, he sullenly left her to her own Thoughts; but to make an Addition to her Grief, he sent the very Wretch to attend on her, that had brought her to this Calamity.

THE virtuous *Lucretia*, tho' in this Distress, drew Courage out of Honesty, and determin'd to suffer Death, rather than lose her Honour; neither did the Monster's Threats disarm her of her Reason. Her Soul was too great to shed Tears on this Occasion. She resolv'd to try the dishonest Attendant, and as Gold had corrupted her to a Deed that was vicious, she had some Hopes, it might turn the Ballance on the Side of Virtue, but to no Purpose, the Wretch delighted more in *Ill* than *Good*, and told her plainly, she was glad it was in her Power to be reveng'd of her for putting her out of her Service.

How do'st thou know, reply'd *Lucretia*, but I may comply with this furious Man, and make one Article in our Agreement to punish thee! where is then thy Hope, or Revenge?

WHY indeed, reply'd the Wretch, there is some Reason in what you say, but I know you so well, I am assur'd you will not punish *yourself*, as you call it, to punish *me*, therefore I will stick to my first Principle; besides I have the best Part of my Reward before-hand.

THIS Reply, struck the poor Lady dumb, however, her Thoughts were not idle, and the more to indulge 'em, she turn'd her Face towards the Window that look'd over the Garden Wall into a Footpath that run thro' the Wood, where she soon perceiv'd her *Mentor* in Disguise of a Peasant, observing the Avenues to the House: Her Heart was reviv'd at the Sight, she took an Opportunity to shew herself, while
the

the FEMALE TRAVELLER. 7

the Maid was in the outward Room, and by Signs gave him to understand she durst not speak to him. She had a Pencil in her Pocket, and a small Book call'd the *Government of the Tongue*, written by the *Author of the Whole Duty of Man*. She tore out a blank Leaf and wrote the following Lines.

Dear Mentor,

I Am here in the dreadful Agonies of Death, or Loss of Honour, which is worse than Death, forced from my House, by that impious Villain Sir T. F. I have not Time to say more.

LUCRETIA.

WHEN the Note was finish'd, she wrapt it about her Bodkin, threw it over the Wall with all her Strength, and had the Satisfaction to see him take it up, but her vile Attendant coming in that Moment, she durst not observe more. The innocent *Lucretia* at this Discovery seem'd better pleas'd; Hope dawn'd in her Countenance, and cast a Lustre over her clouded Beauty, which was taken Notice of by her Attendant.

WHY Madam, cry'd this abandon'd Woman, your Mind seems more compos'd than it was, I fancy we shall reconcile you to your Fortune, Women's Passions are of short Duration, I don't doubt but you'll forgive the *Knight*, and then a Pardon for *me* comes a Course. I can't tell, reply'd the Lady, our Fate will be obey'd.

THE Servant ran immediately to acquaint her Master with this seeming good News, who made as much haste to be inform'd of the Reality from *Lucretia's* own Mouth, who gave him such doubtful Answers that seem'd to cherish Hope more than Despair; he began to make Excuses for his Proceeding, and lay the Fault on his Excess of Love. Left her with Transports in his Countenance that seem'd to say he did not doubt his Happiness.

THERE was a *Harpsicord* in the Chamber, and the more to deceive 'em, she sat her down and sung the following Song, the Words and Music of her own composing.

The Sight of Meads, and purling Streams,
Will sooth the Sorrows in my Breast,
Come balmy Slumbers, chearful Dreams,
And lull my troubled Soul to Rest.

her

Her *Music*, and harmonious Voice, soon drew the *Knight* to listen to her Song, with Raptures. He told his wicked Associate that a Day or two more her Mind would be set at Rest, and he did not doubt but in a little Time she would be dispos'd to make him happy.

WHEN she had done singing, he enter'd the Room, paying her a thousand fulsom Compliments on her Voice, &c. which she seem'd not to be displeas'd with, but beg'd he would give her Leave to rest, to recover her Fright, and Fatigue. This the *Knight* took as a good Omen, after making several ridiculous Compliments, submissively retir'd, taking her Attendant along with him; but had Caution enough to lock the Door of her outward Appartment, and put the Key in his Pocket. This was observed by the Lady, with no little Concern; however, she was at more Leisure to contemplate her Misfortune. She often look'd with wishing Eyes towards the Wood for the *Tutor*, but in vain. While she was thinking, with her Back towards the Window, she heard something strike against it, and fall down in the Garden, she look'd out, yet could not perceive any one that threw it; but to her Mortification, beheld a Paper under the Window. She was at her Wits end; for if the *Knight* found it, she knew her Scheme of Liberty would prove abortive. But as Heaven ever guards the Good and Just, she was put out of this Dilemma, by observing a Reel of Fishing Lines on the Chimney-Piece, and as *Lucretia* had often taken that innocent Diversion, she hoped to succeed in her Undertaking; she took off one of the longest Lines from the Reel, which was loaded with Lead near the Hook, and after many Essays brought up the dangerous Letter. She open'd it with trembling Hands, and found as follows.

My dearest Lady,

THIS Morning when we lost you, had near kill'd me and your faithful Servants with Grief; I own I soon thought who was the Person that was guilty of such a Crime, and immediately got a Disguise from one of your Tenants, in order to find you out. Take Comfort, good Lady, to Morrow in the Middle of the Night, I'll gain your Liberty, or die in the Attempt, therefore wait dress'd with Patience till then, for your sincere and faithful humble Servant

MENTOR.

IF

the FEMALE TRAVELLER. 9

IF this Note had fallen into the Hands of the *Knight*, all had been prevented, but now she went to Rest, after a slight Repast, and slept with a Heart more at Ease. In the Morning she rose early, drest herself, and waited with Impatience for the Hour of her Freedom. The appointed Time came, but no Deliverer appear'd, what was her Anxiety! when the Morning dawn'd, and no Hopes of Liberty, the whole long, long Day, and ensuing Night past in the same tedious Expectation, but to no Purpose, nor in all that Time had Sleep once clos'd her Eye-lids.

IN the Middle of the third Night, while she was addressing her Prayers to Heav'n, she was disturb'd in her Meditations with the Noise of her Door being broke open, with the greatest Violence, when four Men mask'd, and disguis'd, enter'd her Apartment; their Leader took off his Vizard, when she knew him to be her long expected *Mentor*. Her Transport of Joy was so great that not knowing what she did, she embraced him with the utmost Tenderness: *My dear Deliverer, cry'd she, art thou come at last, when all Hopes were fled? My dearest Lady, reply'd Mentor, lose no Time, but follow me, I'll tell you as we go the Reason of my Delay.* When they came to the Garden Wall, they help'd her over a Ladder to the other Side, mounted her behind the *Tutor*, and rode as fast as their Horses could carry 'em, never stopping till they arriv'd at the Lady's House. The Moment she was taken off her Horse, the Fatigue, want of Rest, and the former Troubles of her Soul, threw her into a Swoon, her Maid Servants put her to Bed, and it was some Hours e'er they could bring her to a Sense of her Liberty; but when she was assur'd of her Safety at Home among her own Servants, she would not taste Food, or Repose before she had thank'd MENTOR for the signal Service he had perform'd: She reach'd from her Cabinet a Bank Bill of five Hundred Guineas, which with great Reluctance he accepted: *I am over paid, Madam, said he, in the Action, good Deeds are rewarded in themselves.* He then proceeded to tell her in what Manner he accomplish'd his Design, and the Reason of his Delay in the Execution. "When I left your
"Ladyship, or rather the House where you was imprison'd,
"I went Home in order to prevail upon your Servants and
"Tenants to assist me in gaining your Freedom, but found I
"had a harder Task than I at first imagin'd; most of 'em had
"Scruples, some thro' Fear, and others guided by Interest,
"allegding if they were found out, the *Knight* was a Person
"of that Power, he would find means to ruin 'em for their
C "assisting

“ assisting you, and it was two full Days e’er I could bring
 “ Matters to bear. Besides, one of the Persons that gave us
 “ his Assistance had brought a Letter directed to your Father;
 “ but hearing of his Death, all the Persuasions I was Master
 “ of could not prevail upon him to deliver it to me, or tell
 “ me who he brought it from, and is resolv’d to give it into
 “ no Hands but your own.”

THIS Account rais’d LUCRETIA’S Curiosity, she sent for the Person upon the Instant, who appear’d in the Habit of a Sailor, tho’ a Carriage and Behaviour that spoke him above the common Sort. As soon as he enter’d, he said, *Madam, I know the Fatigue and Fears you have been in, will not allow this a proper Time to read the Contents of so long a Letter, therefore, I beg you will defer it till the Morning, when Rest has compos’d your Mind and Body.* Sir, return’d the Lady, *before I know the Purport of that Letter, I am well assur’d Rest, or Food, must be a Stranger to me, therefore I beg you will not keep me longer in the uncertain State of Doubt.* The Messenger deliver’d the Letter, she examin’d the Direction, but could not find out the Hand. She broke it open with some Emotion, and casting her Eye upon the Name at the Bottom, gave a great Shriek, and fainted on the Bed, where she sat; when she reviv’d, she kiss’d the Name, and cry’d it was from her dear Brother! she then proceeded to read the Contents, which were as follows.

My dear Parent,

I Doubt not but you will be surpriz’d at my long Silence, and to receive this Letter not of my own Writing; but to clear that, a Wound I receiv’d in my right Hand obliges me to employ a Friend upon this Occasion. You know, my dear Father, we set sail with a fair Wind, which continued till we lost Sight of my dear native Country. The third Day a violent Storm arose, and we were compell’d to beat it about for fourteen Days, submitting to the merciless Winds and Waves, and when it abated we found ourselves in the Bay of Biscay, toss’d too and fro in such a manner by the Swell of the Sea, (tho’ the Winds were hush’d) that we were in Danger of being Shipwreck’d for several Days. When the Weather prov’d favourable, and the Billows seem’d gone to Rest, we pursued our Voyage for the Coast of France; but in the Dusk of the Evening perceiv’d a Vessel, that seem’d to labour to speak with us; we were not prepared for an Enemy, therefore in the Night chang’d our Course, put out all our Lights, in Hopes to get from ’em; but when the Morning dawn’d, we found our Caution was to no Purpose, for the Vessel was

not

the FEMALE TRAVELLER. 11

not half a League off: Our chief Hopes were, that she might prove a Friend, but to our Mortification, soon discover'd her Spanish Colours. We crouded all our Sails to get from her, but the Wind falling, our Vessel made but little Way, and our Pursuers making use of Oars, soon came within Gun-shot; we had but six small Guns on Board, however the Captain resolv'd to defend himself, and the Passengers came into that Resolution. The first Discharge of their Cannon, and small Arms, shot down our Colours, which I being eager to raise again, was wounded in the right Hand by a Musket Ball, and our Captain kill'd at the same Time, with two Sailors and a Passenger; we return'd their Fire, but did 'em but little Damage, and we all thought it was the wisest Way to submit, for Resistance would prove but vain. They on the Instant enter'd our Ship, and made Prize of us. The Captain of this Freebooter was an Irishman, and us'd us with the greatest Humanity, ordered his Surgeon to dress my Wound, and gave me all the Accommodation his Vessel could afford. The Prize did not answer his Expectation, however that made no Alteration in his kind Treatment; nay he told us several Times, as soon as he arriv'd in Spain, our Ransoms should be very moderate, and he would send us Home with the first Convenience. This generous Usage lighten'd our Sorrows, but it would not heal the Grief of my Wound, nor the Anxiety I felt, that I could not inform my dear Father and Sister of my Misfortune. I acquainted the Captain with my Troubles, who wrote a Letter ready to be given any Dutch or French Vessel we might meet with thro' the Straits, for he was bound for Barcelona, the Capitol City of Catalonia, one of the Provinces of Spain. But e'er we could make the Straits of Gibraltar, two Algerine Rovers, pursued us, and after a terrible Fight, we were a second Time taken, and fell into much worse Hands than our other Masters, for our obstinate Defence made 'em treat us with the utmost Barbarity, which in generous Spirits ought to have created Esteem. Our new Tyrants cruiz'd about the Straits Mouth three Weeks to no Purpose, therefore made sail for the Port of Algiers, where they were received with the utmost Joy by the Inhabitants. My Companion and I, with our two Servants, were bought of an honest Moor, that had formerly been in England with Harriet the Ambassador; he spoke tolerable English, treated us very well, and agreed with us for a thousand Pounds, and fifty Yards of Cloth Scarlet, as he call'd it, for our Ransom, ordering our Letters to be ready to send to our Friends in England, with the soonest. In the mean Time, we wanted nothing but our Liberty, and other Slaves were treated with Humanity; therefore I think the Stories of the many Harapiza Captives undergo, cannot be all True. Provisions are very plentiful, and good as

Algiers *. We had not been Prisoners a Fortnight, e'er the Irish Captain came to us, and made Proposals concerning our Liberty; he inform'd us he had prevail'd with twelve other Slaves, the ensuing Night, to run away with a small Vessel in the Port, and if we would accompany him, he would carry us into Spain, and from thence give us our Liberty; in short, we agreed, every Thing succeeded to our Wishes,

* ALGIERS is a City, and Republick in *Africa*, on the Confines of *Barbary*, facing the *Mediterranean Sea*, pleasantly situated, remarkable for the Piracies of the Inhabitants, who live by the Misfortunes of others. *Charles V.* Emperor of *Germany*, attack'd this Place in the Year 1541, but most of his Fleet were destroy'd by a violent Tempest. Admiral *Blake* in the Year 1655, enter'd their Harbour twice, destroy'd their Fleets, and almost laid their Town in Ashes, and it was some Years e'er they could make any Figure. In the Year 1668, they took several *English* Vessels; but Sir *Thomas Allen*, with a Squadron of Men of War once more gain'd an ample Revenge, and compell'd 'em to sue for Peace with the *English*, which they broke the following Year. In 1670 Commodore *Beach* fell in with seven of their Men of War, burnt five, and forced the other two on shore, which the *Algerines* burnt themselves, for fear they should fall in the Hands of the *English*. In the five Vessels that were destroy'd by Fire, there were releas'd near three hundred Christian Captives. The same Year Sir *Edward Sprague* attack'd nine more of their Ships and Gallies in the Harbour of *Bugia*, (another Sea Port belonging to the *Algerines*) and tho' the Castle fired upon the Admiral incessantly, yet he destroy'd their whole Fleet. These Successes have kept 'em in Awe ever since, and they often send an Envoy to the Court of *England* in Token of Peace, allow us a free Trade, and we have a Consul that resides at *Algiers*. In the Year 1688, the Court of *France* sent Admiral *D'Estree* with a strong Fleet, to take Revenge for the Loss of several Ships they had seiz'd from the *French*; he destroy'd three Parts of the Town with his Bombs, which so much enraged the *Algerines*, that they shot the *French* Consul with a Cannon Ball, and kill'd barbarously several of their Captives; the Admiral in Return, put to Death three of the Enemies Officers he had in Custody, placed their Bodies on a Hurdle cover'd with Planks, and at Tide of Flood sent 'em into the Port. When the Admiral had destroy'd their Vessels in the Harbour, he sail'd for *France*, leaving the Town almost in Ruins.

the FEMALE TRAVELLER. 13

Wishes, and we are now safe in the City of Barcelona in Spain. The Bearer will inform you, my dear Father, the Reason of my Stay here. Give my dearest Love to my amiable Sister, I see you both every Moment, with my Mind's Eye, as our immortal SHAKESPEAR says. I hope this long Letter will come time enough to prevent Suspensions of my Death, and find you both in Health and Happiness, which shall be the daily Prayer and Wishes of your most dutiful Son,

FREDERICK.

Heaven be truly praised, cry'd the lovely LUCRETIA, for this News, but I fear, my Brother, the Knowledge of our dear Father's Death, will shock thy tender Soul, with ever living Sorrow. My Brother informs my Father in the Letter, you will acquaint us with the Reason of his Stay at Barcelona. Madam, reply'd the Messenger, his Love detains him there, love of as fair a Lady as ever Spain produced, their Hearts are firmly united; and if your Father had been living, I was to have return'd with his Consent, and brought the happy Couple to pay their Duty at his Feet. What then, are they already wedded, said the Lady. No, Madam, reply'd the Messenger, the Lady loves your Brother so well, that she would not have him do any thing to break the Bonds of Duty. At this, they broke off their Discourse, and all retir'd to their Repose. The next Morning the young Lady seem'd very thoughtful, taking several Turns about her Chamber, as if her Mind was ruminating on something very extraordinary; which her Maid observing, ask'd her what it was that disturb'd her? but had no other Answer, than, go call MENTOR, and the Messenger that brought the Letter from my Brother. When they came in, and were seated, by her Order, she look'd upon 'em both alternately, for some Moments, then broke her Silence in this Manner: I am going to declare an Affair, that will very much surprize you; I am resolv'd to embark with the soonest for Spain, to visit my Brother and his lovely Mistress; but to do it with as much Decency as possible, I intend to disguise my Sex. This Declaration very much surprized indeed, her two Auditors; in vain they laid the Hazards and Dangers of the Attempt before her; she overturn'd all their Arguments by persisting, and they had nothing to do, but to prepare for their Voyage. In three Days every thing was ready, and at Night they set out for Dover, where they intended to wait for a Vessel to Calais; for the Ladies Intention was to travel thro' France, and embark for Spain, at Marseilles; the War between England and Spain prevented her Voyage in an English Vessel. When they landed at Calais, they hired Post Chaises, and in sixteen Days arrived

14 *The* T W I N S ; *or,*

arrived safely at *Marseilles* † without any Accident on the Road.

AS LUCRETIA, with MENTOR, the *Messenger* and Servants were viewing the Gallies, a young Gentleman, of a noble Mein, ran up to her, kiss'd her, and embraced her with such Raptures, that she could not immediately disengage herself from his Arms. The sudden Surprise quite confounded her, and she was at a Loss how to behave. *My dear Friend* (cry'd the Gentleman) *how came you to Marseilles before me, whom I left at Barcelona?* LUCRETIA made no Answer, her Surprise was so great ; but her Attendants interposing, convinced the Gentleman he was mistaken, tho' it was some Time before he could believe his Eyes. The Lady soon recollected herself, and did not doubt, by his mentioning *Barcelona*, but this Gentleman was an Acquaintance of her Brother's, and might be easily mistaken thro' their prodigious Likeness. A secret Satisfaction stole into her Breast, which at last appear'd in her Countenance.

THE Gentleman begg'd Pardon for his rude Mistake ; but Sir, said he, you so much resemble a dear Friend I have left in *Spain*, that I should be proud of your Acquaintance ; in short, the Lady was resolved to invite them to her Lodgings, and to sup together, that she might be further inform'd of her beloved Brother.

THE young Gentleman soon consented to her Proposal of supping together ; and there being Conveniences in the same House, he made an Agreement with the Landlord for an Apartment contiguous to LUCRETIA'S. He went on board the Vessel for his Servants and Goods (for he was but just arrived when he met LUCRETIA) order'd them to the same House, and thought himself happy with his new Acquaintance. When they were at Supper, the Gentleman could not keep his Eyes off LUCRETIA. Sir, said He, *the more I look on You,*

† *Marseilles* is the capital City of *Provence* in *France*, seated upon the Gulf of the *Rhofne*, that runs into the *Mediterranean*. The Port is the chief Repository of the Gallies of *France*. It is one of the richest Cities in its King's Dominions, and none before it for Antiquity. The Harbour is accounted one of the best in *Europe*, from its Safety, and Capaciousness, the Cheapness of Provisions, and the Fertility of the Soil that surrounds it. The late Plague almost unpeopled this opulent City ; but now for its Number of Inhabitants, after *Paris*, it exceeds all the other Cities in *France*.

the FEMALE TRAVELLER. 15

You, the more I discover the Likeness of my Friend in every Feature ; all the Difference is, your Complexion is more fair, and your Voice has more Softness in it. Pray Sir, said LUCRETIA, who is this Friend of yours ? The Gentleman proceeded to acquaint her with all she knew already, which we need not repeat ; extoll'd the Beauty of the Lady, whose Perfections of the Mind were equal to her outward Charms. My Friend FREDERICK told me, said the Gentleman, he had sent a Messenger to his Father and Sister, to acquaint them with his Story ; but his long Delay, or perhaps his Death, makes him fear they have not received his Letter. 'Tis true, reply'd the Messenger that sat at Supper, my Voyage was longer than I expected ; but you know I told you Madam, looking at the Lady, we were detain'd by contrary Winds, or you would have had your Brother's Letter sooner. This unexpected Speech put the Lady's Tutor into such Confusion, that FERDINAND, for it was he, had Opportunity to examine their Countenances, and soon found out the Truth.

NOTWITHSTANDING their Endeavours to smother it, a Silence of some Minutes ensued ; the Lady's Blushes, and the Messenger's Anxiety for letting his Tongue betray the Secret, confess'd all Good Heaven ! cry'd out FERDINAND, and can it be the lovely Sister of my dear Friend, the fair LUCRETIA, whom I have heard him mention with so much Tenderness ; for Heaven's Sake, Madam, recover your Confusion ; the Secret shall be lock'd up for ever in my Breast ; you shall command my Life : And tho' I was going to England to take Possession of an ample Fortune by the Death of an elder Brother, whose Death I much lament, yet you must give me Leave to attend you back to Barcelona, where you will meet your Brother. This Speech gave the Lady Time to recover herself a little. Sir, said she, I trust you with this Secret, which I am assured your Friendship for my Brother will prevail upon you to keep ; but must not prevent your Journey to England by your Return with me to Barcelona. I would obey all your Commands but this, reply'd FERDINAND ; besides, I may render you some little Services when we arrive there. Many Compliments pass'd between this amiable Couple ; and LUCRETIA did not seem displeased that he conquer'd all her Arguments against his not returning with her. The Vessel was not ready to sail for Barcelona for many Days, and every Day FERDINAND became more in Love ; yet in all this Time, his Eyes only declared his Passion ; his Tongue was mute on that Subject. One Day as they were diverting themselves on the River, turning a Point of Land, a Boat met theirs so violently, that with the Shock they were all forced into the Water.

Water. There were some Ladies in the other Boat, that were very much concern'd at the Accident, and order'd their Watermen to give their Assistance. FERDINAND, MENTOR, the Messenger and Servants, saved themselves by swimming; but poor LUCRETIA sunk to the Bottom. FERDINAND seeing her Danger, plunged after her, and with the greatest Difficulty brought her to Shore, even with the Hazard of his Life. The Ladies in the other Boat being near a *Villa* of their own, had the whole Company conducted there, in order to recover the Fright, and shift their wet Cloths. LUCRETIA, tho' very feint, was in the utmost Distress at this Accident, for Fear of a Discovery; and her Lover FERDINAND seem'd to be in the same Perplexity. When they arrived at the House, which was near the River Side, Mens Cloths were provided for every Body but LUCRETIA; and the Sisters sent her a Woman's Habit to put on, which she could not forbear smiling at. She dress'd herself with all possible Haste, and came out with her Hair loose about her Shoulders. The Sisters were surprized at her Beauty, and genteel Mein in a Woman's Dress, and paid her a great many Compliments upon it. One of the young Ladies undertook to dress her Head, and drying her Hair, ornamenting it with Jewels and Flowers, &c. After this, some Refreshment was prepared; but when the Company met together, FERDINAND was so charm'd with LUCRETIA in her proper Dress, that the Sisters took Notice of it. *Don't you think* (said the Lady) *I have taken some Pains with your Friend; I protest when I look in the Glass, I am ashamed of myself, to be outdone in Beauty by one of the contrary Sex.* These Praises raised a Blush in the Face of LUCRETIA, which FERDINAND perceiving, changed the Discourse. After Dinner, they diverted themselves in the Garden, 'till it was Time to think of going back to *Marseilles*. Their Cloaths being now dry, every one put on their own; and the Ladies would have their Servants accompany them to see 'em safe to their Lodgings. When LUCRETIA open'd her Purse, after coming to her Lodgings, to gratify the Servants for the Trouble they had undergone on their Accounts, she was surprized to find a Paper with a handsome Diamond Ring in it. The Note contain'd the following Words:

SIR,
THERE are many Instances of Persons being struck with Love, at first Sight; I have a Fortune large enough to make you happy, if Happiness can consist in Money. When I braided these charming Locks, I twisted Fetters for my Heart, to bind me
 your

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your eternal Slave. This Declaration is against the Rule of our Sex's Modesty ; but what Rules can be set to Love ? I beg you will wear the inclosed Trifle for my Sake, tho' I took the Freedom to open your Purse unknown to You, which you left in the Closet where you undrest ; it was only thus to declare my Love, and offer you my Heart, with my Fortune, which is independent. Consider of it ; but then consider, your Sights, or Refusal, will be the Death of one, who will not live, but for You.

THE Amazement and Confusion in her Countenance, was observed by her faithful Lover, who almost guet's'd the Secret, for Lover's Eyes are quick sighted ; however she confirm'd his Suspicions, by giving it him to read, saying at the same Time, *Alas ! what a fatal Mistake is this ? Fatal indeed, Madam,* reply'd FERDINAND. (returning the Letter) *but it must be the Fate of all who look upon you.* This Declaration pronounced so unexpectedly, threw a Blush of Shame and Anger into LUCRETIA's Face ; she gavè him no Answer, but went out of the Apartment with Relentment, leaving the poor Lover in the utmost Terror of Despair. The Perplexities this Affair, with that of the Letter, had almost made her forget the Servants whom she had order'd to attend below. She gave her Respects to the Ladies, and bid the Servants tell 'em she would come the next Day once more to thank them for their Goodness. After this LUCRETIA retir'd to her Apartment, and went to Bed, without supping with FERDINAND, as usual ; but Rest was a Stranger to her : She sometimes thought she ought not to be cruel to a Man who saved her Life, at the Hazard of his own ; but then she imagin'd that was the Cause of his presumptuous Love ; the more she thought, the more she found Excuses in his Favour, however she determin'd to make her Voyage to *Barcelona* without him, tho' it was some time before she could come to that Resolution. The next Morning the Captain of the Vessel came to acquaint 'em he should be ready to sail the next Day ; every thing was order'd to be ready, with the utmost Privacy, to conceal it from her Lover.

LUCRETIA seem'd pleasèd with the Thought of embarking without him, yet at the same Time, there was too much Cruelty, she imagin'd in her Intention. However, she was resolvèd to satisfy the Lady, it was out of her Power to return her Love, by revealing her Sex. Orders were given to MENTOR to provide a Boat, for the rest of her People were busy in prepaing for their Voyage. The River is so rapid in many Places that Passengers go out, and let the Boat-

men tow the Vessel up against the Stream: The second Time L U C R E T I A and M E N T O R landed, the Rope broke, and the Boat with the Steersman alone, was drove with the Force of the Stream above a Mile back, till it was thrown upon a Bank of Sand; the two Watermen that were on Shore, were obliged to go back in order to help her off, while L U C R E T I A with M E N T O R resolved to walk slowly on, to stay for them at the next Place they were to go on Board. They waited two Hours, and no Boat appear'd; this Delay gave them some Uneasiness, therefore they determin'd to pursue their Journey by Land, which was not above two Miles farther; but the Sun growing hot, obliged them to rest in a little *Cabaret* on the Road. They had not been there a Quarter of an Hour, before they observed a Servant of the Ladies, where they intended to go, very busy in Discourse with a Gentleman, who held an open Letter in his Hand as they pass'd by the *Cabaret*; the Servant cast his Eyes upon L U C R E T I A, and cry'd to the Person that was with him, *that's the very Gentleman!* and both pass'd the House. Our disguis'd Lady could not apprehend what they meant, yet seem'd a little uneasy, tho' she knew not for what, yet conceal'd her Apprehensions from M E N T O R, who did not observe what pass'd. A few Minutes after, M E N T O R went toward the Water-side to look for the Boat; he had not gone forty Paces e'er the Gentleman, that had pass'd by with the Servant, enter'd the *Cabaret*, came up to L U C R E T I A, Sir, said he, *I desire a Word in private*, and at the same time, took her by the Sleeve of her Coat, leading her a little roughly into the Garden of the *Cabaret*; L U C R E T I A was so full of Confusion, that her Presence of Mind forsook her, and she follow'd insensibly.

W H E N they came to the most retir'd Part of the Garden, the Gentleman drew his Sword, *come Sir*, said he, *draw!* *I have no Time to lose! I must punish the Lady that loves you, by thy Death; I have discover'd, her Passion for you by the Letter she sent you just now, her Servant brought it me, and I ought to hate her for loving a Stranger at first Sight, after slighting all my Vows, and Affiduities for Years together. There's the Letter* (continued the Gentleman, throwing it upon the Ground) *if you long to read it, you must kill me first, then you may peruse it at Leisure, and visit the ungrateful Fair; who dies every Moment till she sees your Face. Wou'd to Heaven she never had, then Time might have melted her hard Heart, and dispos'd her to have rewarded my constant Affection.* During this Speech, poor L U C R E T I A was full of the utmost Terrors, and trembling with Agonies, which the Gentleman

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tleman observing cry'd, *What art thou then a Coward! and dar'st presume to love? Defend thyself, or I will stab thee through thy timorous Heart.* Hold, profane Wretch! cry'd FERDINAND, LUCRETIA's generous Lover, who that Moment appear'd with his Sword in his Hand, and hurt not that precious Life! This sudden Interruption something surprized the Stranger; however, as FERDINAND's Sword was oppos'd against him, they made several furious Passes at each other, till at last the Stranger was disarm'd, without receiving a Wound of either Side. Just as the Combat was finish'd MENTOR came in, with the Ladies they were going to visit, which he stopp'd as they were passing by in their Coach; LUCRETIA seeing them, put her Hand to her Face to hide her Confusion, but however was resolv'd to discover herself, to end all Disputes, for the Stranger seem'd to harbour Rancour in his Heart against her. Ladies, (said LUCRETIA) *I have endanger'd my Life in venturing to visit you, in Order to undeceive one in your Company, for when she dress'd me Yesterday in Women's Cloaths, she put me in my proper Habit, it is with some Shame that I discover this, but I came resolv'd to do it, to rectify all Mistakes.*

THE different Countenances, at this Discovery, cannot be describ'd, however an Hour's Conversation reconcil'd the Affair; the Lady prevail'd upon LUCRETIA to keep the Ring in Commemoration of this Affair, accepting at the same Time one from her. The Lady's Lover sued a Pardon from LUCRETIA, in such Terms, that seem'd to promise fairer for his Mistress's Heart than all his former Vows had done; and they took leave of each other with mutual Promises of Remembrance. When FERDINAND and LUCRETIA were seated in the Boat, that waited for 'em, they were silent for some Time, he daring not to lift his Eyes up to her Face. LUCRETIA at the same Time, began to lose some Part of her Rigour, for a Man, that perhaps had twice saved her Life. What was his Crime? Love! a virtuous Love, and from a Man whose Rank and Fortune might deserve her. MENTOR, whose Mind was not in so much Perplexity, observ'd them both, and attributed LUCRETIA's Silence to her late Fear, and by FERDINAND's Taciturnity he imagin'd he might have receiv'd some Hurt. Come, Madam, (said MENTOR to LUCRETIA) *your Fears are now over, be chearful.* No, MENTOR, reply'd LUCRETIA, *not while I keep on this Habit; I never once thought of the Dangers I am liable to by wearing it, and as soon as I arrive at Barcelona, I'll put it off for ever; this last Adventure might have been fatal, had it not been prevented by the timely Assistance of this Gentleman,* pointing to

FERDINAND. *Timely indeed, return'd MENTOR, pray Sir, what Accident brought you so opportunely to my Lady's Assistance?* applying his Discourse to FERDINAND. *This Morning, reply'd FERDINAND, when I aroſe, I was inform'd by our Landlord, that the Lady with you were gone up the River; I own I inſtinctively follow'd, for my Mind ſeem'd to forebode ſome Danger might attend you; I got into another Boat, and follow'd till we came to that of yours, which the Men had juſt ſet clear from the Sand-Bank; by them I was inform'd which Way you went, I landed, and purſued the ſame Path; when I came within a hundred Paces of the Cabaret, I took Notice of two Perſons buſy in Diſcourſe, one of them cry'd out with Transport! Would to Heaven the Stripling Villain had been ſwallow'd by the Waves e'er ISABELLA had ſeen his Face! After this Speech they parted, and the Gentleman proceeded with haſty Steps towards the Cabaret, which he enter'd before I could overtake him; you know the reſt, and I ſhall think this Day one of the happieſt of my Life.* — Here caſting his Eyes on LUCRETIA, they encounter'd hers, who with a modeſt Bluſh, turn'd aſide to hide her Confuſion; it was plain to MENTOR Love was kindling in her Heart, which did not diſpleaſe him, knowing both their virtuous Inclinations. LUCRETIA, before ſhe got to their Lodgings, began to repent her Deſign of going to *Barcelona* without FERDINAND, and wiſh'd ſhe had never ſet that Reſolution. Alas! Love will make a great Progreſs in a little time; when once the Gates of the Heart is open, he ruſhes in like a Torrent, till every Corner is fill'd with the pleaſing Paſſion. LUCRETIA ſeem'd more aſham'd of her Diſguiſe than ever, began to think it ſome Stain to Modeſty, ſince her Soul was fill'd with the Ideas of Love, and wonder'd at herſelf ſhe had not found it before; however, now it was too late, for the nex Morning was fix'd for their embarking. It was with ſome Shame LUCRETIA look'd upon FERDINAND in the Morning, when they enter'd the Veſſel, tho' ſhe was aſſured no one knew of her Deſign to go without him but herſelf; in ſhort, before they arriv'd at *Barcelona*, LUCRETIA gave FERDINAND Hopes ſhe would not prove inexorable. The aſſiduous Lover did not let a Moment paſs without declaring his Paſſion, till by mutual Conſent they exchanged Hearts, and ſhe promis'd if her Brother conſented, one Day ſhould join all their Hands. Never were two Lovers more happy; with Regard to Virtue, for I dare answer for 'em both, there was not a vicious Thought within either of their Souls.

THE favourable Wind, and Weather, made the Voyage to *Barcelona* ſhort, tho' it ſeem'd tedious to FERDINAND;

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it was late in the Evening e'er they were landed, therefore they were oblig'd to take up their Lodgings at an Inn. In the Morning, LUCRETIA told FERDINAND she intended to surprize her Brother, therefore begg'd he would bring him to the *Inn* without acquainting him of her Arrival. The Lover seem'd pleas'd with the Design, and went immediately to find out FREDERICK. We must now leave FERDINAND and LUCRETIA, and give a short Account of the Amour between FREDERICK and the Lady he was in Love with.

WHEN the *Irish Captain* arrived at *Barcelona* from *Algiers*, from whence they had made their Escape; he treated the two Gentlemen with the utmost Generosity, and being oblig'd to return to Sea again to follow his Employment, he left 'em Masters of his House during his Absence, with Orders to his Servants to receive all their Commands as if they were given by himself, intending at his Return, to carry them to *Marseilles*, in his own Vessel. The Captain before he embark'd, brought FERDINAND and FREDERICK acquainted in several Families, that they might pass their Time with more Satisfaction; most of these new Acquaintance did not regard the stiff formal Customs of the *Spaniards*, for their Families were originally either *English*, *Scots*, or *Irish*; therefore the Ladies were not coop'd up as they generally are in *Spain*; 'tis true, they were all of the *Roman Religion*, yet they never offer'd to make Converts of their Guests. Donna LEONORA, was one of this amiable Company; her Father not long since dead, had left her a Fortune upwards of 800,000 Crowns; yet her Person was beyond Expression beautiful, not to be equall'd, but by the Charms of the Mind: FREDERICK's Heart soon felt the Impression of her Image, yet was plung'd into Despair, when he was inform'd the Governors Son, Don LOPEZ was his Rival; a Person too potent for him to cope withal, and he too often had the Mortification to find she received his Addresses without any Displeasure. The Pains of his Mind brought a Disorder on his Body, and he was seiz'd with a violent Fever. FERDINAND his Companion, knew the Source of his Distemper, therefore encouraged him to love on; 'tis Time enough to despair, said he, when she has refus'd your Vows. Do no flatter me, reply'd FREDERICK, her Heart is already given to Don LOPEZ, I saw it by her Eyes. Lovers, return'd FERDINAND, either see too much, or are quite blind; I that am disinterested can plainly discover that He is quite indifferent to her, and have observed her more than once, cast a favourable Look on you. AS FREDERICK was going

to reply, Word was brought, several Gentlemen and Ladies were come to visit him; among the rest DONNA LEONORA enter'd, conducted by DON LOPEZ. The Sight so much agitated the Mind of poor FREDERICK, that the Blood burst out of his Nose. LEONORA stood next the Bed, gave him her Handkerchief to stop it, which he received with a trembling Hand; but that was attributed to his Weakness, by all but DON LOPEZ, who was observed by FERDINAND to change Colour several Times. When the Company was gone, FERDINAND told his Friend the Observations he had made, and further, the Concern LEONORA seem'd to shew at the Accident; adding, *I am convinced she loves You.*

O FLATTERER, reply'd FREDERICK, but I forgive your Friendship; you mean it well, we are too apt to believe what we wish; in short, our Lover became a little more compos'd, and in two Days he had Strength enough to walk about his Apartment. The third Day, he received the Visits of his Acquaintance, to congratulate the Recovery of his Health; but neither *Don Lopez*, or *Leonora* came, which much surprized him. When the Company retired, a Servant brought him a Letter, which he said required an Answer. He broke open the Seal with some Emotion, and read as follows:

SIR,

I AM inform'd you are in better Health, than when I saw you last; I shall expect you early to Morrow Morning in the Abbey Field alone, with your Sword on; there to decide who shall be the surviving Lover of LEONORA. Send word by the Bearer, if your Health will permit you to come; if not, I will wait, tho' with Impatience, till I hear from you: I believe you have Generosity enough to conceal this, or I should think you unworthy to be beloved by the Lady we must contend for; who shall never be possess'd by any, while there is Life in the injured

LOPEZ.

WHEN he had read the Letter, he told the Servant to inform his Master he should be sure to keep the Appointment. FREDERICK would have conceal'd this from FERDINAND, but he thought it would be wronging his Friendship, therefore gave it him to read. While they were discoursing on this Subject, another Letter was deliver'd to him, which he knew to be LEONORA's Hand; he trembled at breaking open the Seal, and his Weakness was such, that his Friend was oblig'd to support him.

SIR,

the FEMALE TRAVELLER. 23

SIR,

DON LOPEZ, I am assured, by some Words he let drop Yesterday, intends to send you a Challenge. I have a Right of disposing of my own Heart, and I never gave it yet to Lopez, or any Assurance it ever should be his: — I beg you would avoid meeting him, if he should be as rash as I suspect. If you were to succeed in your Dispute, it would be dangerous, for his Friends are very powerful; if you should fail, most of your Acquaintance here would mourn your Loss. I have no Right to command You, nor you to obey; but if you would avoid a Quarrel, it would be some Satisfaction to

LEONORA.

WELL Friend, said FERDINAND, what think ye now? I have a Right of disposing of my own Heart, and I never gave it LOPEZ yet, or any Assurance it ever should be his. Does not that Passage encourage you? It gives me infinite Pleasure, reply'd FREDERICK, to think he is not a favourite Rival; but I can't see the least Glimpse of Hope that I shall ever be Master of her Heart. However (answer'd FERDINAND) here is a fair Opportunity to discover your Love; in my Opinion the Confession will not displease her. Encouraged by his Friend, FREDERICK sat down to write; but the Variety of Hopes, Fears and Terrors that perplex'd his Mind, almost distracted him; at last, he made Shift to write the following Letter.

Divine LEONORA!

THE Torments I endure for Fear this Letter should displease You, are not to be express'd by Words, no more than the inviolable Passion I feel for You. What is Life without You? Only a Being of tedious Days, and anxious Nights, insupportable to bear. The first Moment I beheld your Face, I loved; but with a Passion so sincere and lasting, nought but Death can put an End to. Your Image is impress'd upon my Heart. If I was assured I was not indifferent to You, I would not doubt of to Morrow's Success; I love you too sincerely to be a Coward; and the Laws of Honour, which I have, and will strictly observe, obliges me to comply with Custom. I should justly deserve your Hate, and Scorn, should I tamely sit down, and let my Rival triumph in my Shame. Consider, I shall fight for You and my Country, and doubt not to conquer. But if Fate intends to Morrow to put a Period to my Life, my last Breath shall call upon your Name, and die sincerely Yours,

FREDERICK.

This

THIS Letter was seal'd, and sent by LEONORA'S Servant, who waited below. FREDERICK gave some Respite to his Passion, to consider a little on the ensuing Combat; he call'd to mind the Spaniards always fought with Sword and Dagger; Weapons he had but lately practis'd, and consequently not a thorough Master of. DON LOPEZ was accounted one of the bravest Cavaliers in Spain; therefore FERDINAND was in some Fears for the Life of his Friend; but FREDERICK'S Joy, that he should fight for the lovely LEONORA, gave him Hopes he might succeed. While the two Friends were preparing to go to Rest, another Letter came from the lovely LEONORA, which FREDERICK open'd with the same Terrors as the first. But what were his Transports, when he read the following Lines?

Dear FREDERICK,

THE Terrors I am under for thy precious Life, Words cannot express; 'tis impossible I should have so soon declared my Mind, but for thy Danger to Morrow. What is this Phantom Honour, that must murder Love? If you wou'd shew that Love you profess, decline the Duel; all his Power shall never displace thee from my Heart, whose Image it has bore from the first Time I saw thee, tho' I guarded the Secret from all human Eyes. Thy Letter gave me exquisite Joy, with equal Pain. If to Morrow should end thy dear Life, I cannot survive thy Loss. Go not to Morrow, your late Illness may plead sufficient Excuse, and the next Day you may retire to my Country House upon the River Barca, where LOPEZ shall never come to interrupt our Quiet. Think 'tis my Life you put to Hazard, and preserve thyself for the disconsolate

LEONORA.

THE reading this Letter had like to have cost FREDERICK his Life with the Effusion of Joy! He kiss'd it ten thousand Times, placed it next his Heart, and vow'd it was Proof against all the Swords of Spain. He thought to have return'd an Answer; but the Messenger was gone, and it was too late to send that Night. However, he wrote one, seal'd it up, and gave it to a Servant to deliver, if he did not return by Eight the next Morning. As soon as Day began to appear, FREDERICK rose and drest himself, and went out of the House unobserved even by his Friend, whom he left in a profound Sleep.

JUST as he enter'd the *Abbey Field*, he was seized by four ALGUAZILES, who hurry'd him into a neighbouring House; 'twas in vain to use Arguments for his Liberty. He

try'd

the FEMALE TRAVELLER. 25

try'd the all-powerful Secret Gold ; but they refused ; they inform'd him he was to be their Prisoner till Noon, and then he should have his Freedom : He imagined he was seized by Order of the *Governor*, to prevent the Duel. The Time was elapsed for his meeting DON LOPEZ, which gave him the utmost Uneasiness. As he was looking out of the Window, he saw DON LOPEZ coming over the *Abbey Field* alone ; as he came near, he call'd to him : *Dear Don Lopez, release me from these villainous ALGUAZILES, who have kept me here these four Hours, and prevented my waiting on You, according to Appointment.* They durst not disobey DON LOPEZ, who gave Orders for his Liberty ; and not knowing the Reason of his Confinement, they did not give themselves much Trouble about it. DON LOPEZ and FREDERICK walk'd on till they came to a proper Place for their Design : Now, cry'd LOPEZ, *let us decide who shall enjoy LEONORA.* They drew their Swords and Daggers, and what Frederick wanted in Judgment, he made up with Strength and Agility. He received a Wound in the Sword Hand, that made him incapable of holding it, which so enraged him, that he seized hold of Don Lopez by the Throat, and maugre his Resistance, threw him flat upon the Ground ; with the Fall, the Sword of Don Lopez flew out of his Hand, which Frederick snatch'd up : *You see our Combat must end for this Time (said Frederick to Lopez) but I shall be ready to finish it, as soon as I am able to use my Sword again.* 'Tis well, reply'd Lopez, *'till then I desire we may appear as Friends.* Lopez had received two slight Wounds ; one in the Breast, and the other on the Side of his Neck ; but he would carry Frederick to his own Surgeon, and saw him dress'd first. Before they parted, Don Lopez told Frederick, he would give out to the *Publick*, that he had chose him for his Second, against Two other *Cavaliers* ; otherwise, said he, we shall not meet with an Opportunity to decide our Quarrel. Frederick agreed, parted with his Rival, and went to his own Lodgings ; where, enquiring for his Friend, he was inform'd Donna Leonora had sent for him in Haste two Hours before.

'Twas she, poor Lady, that sent the *Alguaziles* to arrest Frederick, in Hopes to prevent their meeting. The Servant who had Orders to deliver the Letter at Eight o'Clock to Leonora, executed his Commission punctually, and gave it into her own Hand. She read it to herself, gave a great Shriek, and fell senseless on the Floor. The Letter you may read as follows :

E

When

26 The T W I N S ; or,

*W*HEN this comes to your Hands, be assured your Adorer is no more ; the Earth that I lie upon bears not so sincere a Lover. If you will wet my Grave with one pittyng Tear, 'twill please the fleeting Shadow of one, if he had lived Ages, could have had no Thoughts but for You. Farewel ; and sometimes think of your faithful Lover

F R E D E R I C K.

WHEN she came a little to herself, her Sighs seem'd as if her Heart was breaking. She was heard to say, *And art thou gone, poor dear Frederick.* Her Servants about her were surprized, and imagined her Senses were distracted, 'till one of them took up the Letter, which lay upon the Floor ; and seeing *Frederick's* Name at the Bottom, soon found his Lady had no other Distraction but Love. The Servant had Sense enough to conceal this from the other Servants, and guess'd Part of the Affair. His Looks were full of Pity, and discover'd to *Donna Leonora*, a more sincere Sorrow than any of the rest ; for Servants will pretend to sympathize with their Masters and Mistresses, when it is too often no more than Pretension ; but this Person, as a Servant, sincerely loved his Mistress, had an Education that put him above the Rank of common Servants ; and, what is rarely found among them, was honest, and had no Interest at Heart but that of his Lady : He was the very Person that was sent by his Mistress for the *Alguaziles*, the Evening before, tho' he knew not their Business with his Lady. *Leonora* sent the rest of the Servants out of the Room, then order'd *Pedro*, which was the Name of this faithful One, first to go to *Ferdinand*, and beg he would come that Moment to her. Then fly to the *Alguaziles*, you know where the Chief of them dwells ; go with them to the *Abbey Field* : Here her Voice falter'd, and her Eyes shed a Torrent of Tears ; and if you find the dead Body of the unfortunate *Frederick*, bring it me with all the Caution you possibly can. The faithful *Pedro* flew to execute his Lady's Commands, with the Wings of Diligence. *Ferdinand*, who knew nothing of the Letter his Friend had wrote the Night before to *Leonora*, came with Hopes of meeting *Frederick* there. But when he read the Letter which *Leonora* gave him (accompany'd with Sighs and Tears without uttering one Word) his Grief almost equall'd her's. He would not stay to exchange a Syllable with the disconsolate Lady, but flew to the Place of Combat, where he met the faithful *Pedro*. They together search'd the whole Field, and were pleas'd they could not meet with what they fear'd to find, no more than the *Alguaziles*,

the FEMALE TRAVELLER. 27

ziles, whom *Pedro* sought for to no Purpose. In the mean Time, *Frederick* enter'd the House of *Donna Leonora*, went directly to her Apartment, and finding the Door shut, knock'd. *Leonora*, imagining it was *Pedro* or *Ferdinand* return'd, with a faint Voice said, *Come in*. But when she cast her Eyes on *Frederick*, she stood motionless, believing it to be his Apparition. But at his nearer Approach, and viewing his wounded Hand, her Surprise and Joy fighting with her Sorrows, overcame her, and had fallen on the Ground, had not *Frederick* snatch'd her in his Arms, and seated her in a Chair. When she came to herself, she found *Frederick* at her Feet, kissing her cold Hand; never were more tender Expressions of Love utter'd between two faithful Hearts: She kiss'd his wounded Hand, and wash'd it with her Tears of Joy; and made him promise for Himself, Friend, and their Servants, to go that very Day to her Country Seat, where she would preserve him from the Insults of the rash *Don Lopez*. This tender Scene was interrupted by the Entrance of *Ferdinand* and *Pedro*, whose Joy were beyond Expression to find him safe. *Leonora* at their Presence endeavour'd to hide a little of that Tenderness she had in her Heart for her dear *Frederick*; but, like the Sun breaking thro' a Cloud, her Eyes would shine upon him. *And why shou'd they not? their Hearts were united; by Fate destined for each other, and their Vows register'd in Heaven.* However, *Leonora* could not lull the Troubles of her Heart to Rest, till they arriv'd that Evening at her Country Seat. Nothing but Pleasures and Diversions were thought of; but amidst all, *Frederick* remember'd his Father, and amiable Sister, discovering to his lovely *Leonora*, all his Circumstances, and the Fears that must surround 'em for his Life, in not hearing from him in so long a Time. When *Donna Leonora* understood every Thing, she said, *My dear Frederick, tho' I love You more than my own Life, yet our Nuptials must be deferr'd till you have the Consent of so tender a Father. It shall be my Care to provide a proper Messenger, and as you are incapable of writing Yourself, thro' the Wound in your Hand, if you will dictate, I'll be your Amanuensis, provided you don't mention any Thing of our Loves, but leave that to Pedro, whom I intend shall be the Messenger: Most of the Families in Barcelona, that You are acquainted with, have kept up the English Language; Pedro by making several Voyages with my late worthy Father, and living in the Family, understands it perfectly well. If you will give him proper Directions, he shall prepare for his Voyage to Morrow.* Every Thing was agreed to, and the Letter was wrote by the lovely *Leonora* (which you have read already) *Pedro* embark'd the next Day, in a Ship bound

28 *The* T W I N S ; *or,*

bound for *Marseilles*, but by a violent Storm was blown on the Coast of *Africa*, and obliged to wait for a fair Wind, in the Port of † *Oran*, full six Weeks. In the mean time, the Lovers and Friends pass'd their Hours with the utmost Contentment at *Leonora's* Country House, without the least Molestation, or hearing from *Don Lopez*. But to set *Leonora's* Heart intirely at Rest, they had News brought them that the Governor of *Barcelona* had sent him to *Madrid*, to solicit a Place at Court. In the midst of their Joys, the generous *Irish* Captain return'd from his Voyage, and had taken several rich Prizes from the *Algerines*, to be revenged on them for their late Captivity, and redeem'd a great Number of Christian Slaves, one of which he had taken into his Service. The Captain being inform'd where his Guests were, went to visit them with his new Servant. The Servant no sooner cast his Eyes on *Ferdinand*, but he cry'd out with the utmost Transport, *What do I see! my dear Master, that I have been seeking these four Months!* *Ferdinand* soon knew him to be the favourite Servant of his Brother; he enquired after his Health, but the Messenger inform'd him with a melancholy Countenance, he had been laid in the Tomb of his Ancestors above four Months, dying of a violent and sudden Fever: Tho' a very large Fortune descended to *Ferdinand* by his Death, he could not help shedding Tears for the Loss of so good a Brother, ever indulgent to Him.

THE Servant inform'd him he embark'd on a small Vessel bound for *Diep*, in order to search for him in some of the Cities in *France*; but were chas'd by a *Spanish* Privateer, near that Port, and taken, but before they arriv'd at *St. Sebastians* (where they were bound) they were retaken by a *Rover* of *Barbary*, and within the *Straits*, were met with by the valiant *Irish* Captain, who after a terrible Engagement boarded the *Rover*, who surrender'd after the Loss of three Parts of his Men; thus was I the third Time a Prisoner, but releas'd by the Generosity of the Captain, who took me into his Service;
and

† *ORAN*, a small City in *Barbary*, almost against *Gibraltar* in *Europe*, with a strong Castle; it formerly belong'd to the *Moors* of *Algier*, but taken from them by the *Spaniards*, by the warlike Cardinal *Ximenes*. It is almost continually besieged by the *Moors*, tho' it remains still in the Hands of the *Spaniards*, and is accounted Part of the Archbishoprick of *Toledo* in *Spain*.

the FEMALE TRAVELLER. 29

and now, continued the Servant, I think myself at the Height of Happiness in finding my dear Master.

IT was necessary FERDINAND should make a Voyage to *England* with the soonest, to settle his Affairs, that requir'd his speedy Presence; when the Time of his Departure came, it proved a melancholly Day to him and the two Lovers he left behind him. They saw him on Board, and retir'd to LEONORA'S Town-House, not fearing any thing in the Absence of *Don LOPEZ*; waiting with Impatience for the return of PEDRO, who had exceeded his limited Time.

We will now return to FERDINAND and LUCRETIA, whom we left at the Inn, with MENTOR, and PEDRO, the Messenger, who had Orders not to appear, for fear of being known. When FERDINAND came to the House of *Donna LEONORA*, he was something surpriz'd to find all in Darkness; however, he rung the Bell, and a Servant open'd the Door, who inform'd him his Mistress was at her Country Seat, with *Don FREDERICK*, (as he call'd him) who is ill with some Wounds he has lately received. This Intelligence gave FERDINAND very great Concern, tho' by all his Enquiry, he could not learn who he had fought with. When he return'd to the Inn, he cautiously examin'd the Master of the House, but he found by his Answers he was ignorant of the Matter; he return'd to ISABELLA'S again, without seeing his dear LUCRETIA, to know if the Servant could give him any further Light into this Affair: Sir, said the Servant, *all I know is that Don FREDERICK was wounded, but is now much better, and I know it is kept as a Secret, therefore I should not have discover'd it to you, if you had not been one of his best Friends.* FERDINAND was pleas'd that he was out of Danger, yet could not dive into the Mystery; however, he return'd to his ador'd LUCRETIA, and told her tenderly of this unlucky Affair, which drew Tears in her Eyes; they resolv'd the next Morning to go as privately as possible to LEONORA'S Country-House, they hired a Coach and Mules, and sat out by break of Day. While they were upon the Road, they were contriving how they should discover *Lucretia* to her Brother, fearing if it was sudden, the strong Emotion might endanger his Health; however, they had not determin'd which way to proceed, when they arriv'd at the Gate; but you may guess *Ferdinand's* surprize, when the first Person he cast his Eyes on was *Don Lopez*, very pale and wan, looking out of the Window, but retir'd on the Instant. *Heaven!* said *Ferdinand*, loud enough to be heard by *Lucretia*, *how shall I solve this Riddle!* She was surpriz'd at these

these Words, and ask'd him the Meaning of it. *Madam*, reply'd *Ferdinand*, *I'm all Amazement ! but beg you will stay in the Coach, while I enter the House to be better inform'd of what I see, if my Eyes have not deceived me.* The Servants were over-joy'd when they beheld *Ferdinand*, and flew into the Garden, to acquaint *Donna Leonora* and *Frederick* with the welcome News. *Ferdinand* follow'd 'em ; when the two Lovers perceived him, they ran with open Arms to embrace him. Their Joy, for some time, made them forget to ask him the Meaning of this sudden return, for they knew it was impossible he should have been so far as *England*, and back again. *Ferdinand* demanded first, if his dear Friend's Wounds were heal'd ? *Yes*, thank Heaven, reply'd *Donna Isabella*, but I am amazed how you came to know any thing of that unhappy Accident. Well, return'd *Ferdinand*, perhaps I may surprize you more ; I have brought some Friends to visit you, if you will retire to an Apartment, I'll bring them one by one to you. *Frederick* and *Isabella*, full of Expectation, enter'd the Hall without returning him an Answer ; the first that was introduced was *Pedro*, whom the good-natur'd *Frederick* embraced, asking at the same time, how his dear Father and Sister fared ? Here is one that can inform you better, reply'd *Ferdinand*, introducing *Mentor*. Heavens ! my dear Tutor ! cry'd *Frederick*, am I awake, and do I indeed embrace the Man that led my wandering Steps to Virtue and Learning ! I hope, reply'd *Mentor*, embracing him, among your other Studies, you have learnt Philosophy, and Resignation to the Will of Heaven, in bearing Losses patiently ; We are all born to die — your Father — is dead, reply'd *Frederick* ! the best of Fathers ! and of Men ! My Absence has brought Death to cut the Thread of his Life. Allow me, my dear *Isabella*, to pay this Tribute of my Tears to his rever'd Memory. The whole Company could not refrain from Weeping, at his filial Sorrow ; after some Time allow'd for Grief, he wiped his Eyes, and enquired after his dear Sister. Sir, reply'd *Ferdinand*, I have another Gentleman to introduce, that saw her last, and can give the best Account of her. He went out, and return'd leading *Lucretia* by the Hand ; at her sight, *Frederick* was struck with Astonishment, and Wonder ty'd his Tongue ; *Isabella* cry'd out it must be she ! my dear Sister ; she is too like the Image in my Heart to be mistaken. The Transports of this tender meeting over-whelm'd some Part of *Frederick's* Grief for his Father's Death. Some Hours were spent in relating their Histories to each other ; but *Ferdinand* intreating *Frederick* to let him into the meaning of what he saw in the Window, before he enter'd. If you have seen *Don Lopez* here, reply'd *Frederick*, I know it must something surprize you ; I'll reveal it to you in a few Words : After

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you were embark'd on your intended Voyage, my dear Leonora and I retir'd to this Place, to be out of the hurry of Barcelona; one Morning early amusing myself with Angling, till my lovely Isabella was drest; a Fisherman passing by in a Boat, gave me this Letter, which you may read.

Don FREDERICK,

I Am come in Disguise, without any Attendants, from Madrid, to finish that Dispute we had in the Abbey-Field; I have try'd with Business to efface the Memory of Leonora's Beauty, but I find it impossible, she reigns o'er all my Thoughts; Life is a Torment not to be endur'd without Hopes of possessing Her. If you will meet me at the Skirts of the Wood, that borders on the River, I will conduct you to a Place, where we may make an End of the Affair, unseen by any; if it be my Lot to fall, I would have you for your own sake disfigure my Face that my Person may not be known. 'Tis the Tyrant Love compels me to this; and were you blest with any other Beauty, I know not any Person I should more willingly chuse to be the Friend of the unfortunate

LOPEZ.

WHEN I read this Note, I own, I could not resist the calls of Pity for his unhappy Passion, and sincerely wish'd to avoid this meeting, but it could not be; the Tyrant Honour appear'd before me, and drove away Compassion. When I met my dear Leonora, she took Notice that my Countenance was disorder'd, however, I conceal'd every thing from her, rose in the Morning by break of Day, and got in the Wood without being observed by any one, where I found the impatient Don Lopez, in a mean Habit; he turn'd short towards the inner Part of the Wood, and I follow'd without speaking to each other; when we came to a little green Plat, he stop'd, and turn'd upon me, *This is the Spot*, said he, *where one of us must leave his Life*: We both drew our Swords and Daggers, giving and receiving several Wounds, at last I had the good Fortune with my Sword to run him through the Body; he fell, and faintly said, *you have conquer'd, and approaching Death will cure the Wounds Leonora's Eyes have made, and since I must not enjoy her, live and be happy, with —* At that Word he fainted, I was too weak to give him any Assistance, for my Wounds bled much; therefore I made all the haste I could to Leonora's; as soon as I got in, I directed the Servants where he lay, and order'd 'em to bring him as gently as possible, which they did, and laid him in a Bed. I need not repeat the Agonies,

poor

32 The T W I N S ; or,

poor *Leonora* was in, she order'd a Coach immediately, and went herself for a Surgeon; he found I had no dangerous Wound; when I was dress'd, he search'd those of *Don Lopez*, and promis'd some Hopes of Life. To make short of my History, we both recover'd, but *Don Lopez* is not yet able to go abroad; he is so grateful for the Usage he has received here, that he has conquer'd his Passion, and wishes us blest in each other.

Lucretia now desired she might put off for ever the Habit of a Man, that had given her so much Uneasiness, which was soon done with the Assistance of her dear Sister; *Leonora* disposed of her Effects in *Spain*, and resolv'd to go with her Lover to *England*, the Land of Liberty. When *Don Lopez* heard of these strange Events, he begg'd Leave to come among them, that he might pay his Gratitude; his Person was tall, genteel, and well made, tho' his Loss of so much Blood made him appear pale and wan; when he enter'd the Apartment, the Company rose up to salute him, he was surpriz'd at the Beauty of *Lucretia*, who was now dress'd in her proper Habit. "I have been inform'd (said *Don Lopez*) "that the Women in *England* are *Angels*, and if they are all "like you, my Information is true. I wish you all the Happinesses Heaven can bestow upon you, and beg I may have "the Honour to join those Hands whose Hearts I know have "long been united."

THE two Ladies blush'd at this Speech of *Don Lopez*, but as their Lovers were destin'd to be their Husbands, why should they delay their Happiness; *Frederick* gave his Consent that *Ferdinand* should wed his Sister, with a Dowry equal to his Fortune, but he valued not Fortune; but as Riches are essential to worldly Happiness, they should not be neglected; but all the Wealth on Earth cannot prove a Blessing without the pairing of Minds and Hearts. The Day was fix'd for their Nuptials, which were solemnized in private; *Don Lopez* was Father to both the happy Couples. In a few Days after, *Leonora* disposed of her Estate at *Barcelona*, &c. * which amounted

* *Barcelona* is the capital City of *Catalonia*, a Province of *Aragon* in *Spain*; it is well fortified, has a noble Harbour, and a Town of the best Trade in all *Spain*. In the Year 805, it was taken from the *Moors* by *St. Lewis*, King of *France*. The *French* took it from the *Spaniards*, in 1640; but the *Spaniards* retook it in 1652, after a very hard Siege. In the

the FEMALE TRAVELLER. 33

amounted to near two hundred thousand Pounds; rewarded the *Irish* Captain, according to his Merit, embark'd on board his Ship for *Marseilles*, with all their Servants; paid a Visit to *Isabella*, the Lady who fell in Love with *Lucretia*, found her wedded to her Lover; journey'd from thence to *Calais*, arrived safe in their own Country, where (after they had settled a handsome Pension for Life on *Mentor*, bountifully rewarded the Servant, and faithful *Pedro*, who still dwells in the Family) they now live among their Tenants and Neighbours, happy in a numerous Race of prattling Innocents, Patterns of their Parents Virtues.

the Year 1705 this City was besieg'd by the *English*, in Behalf of *Charles III.* King of *Spain*, late Emperor of *Germany*; in attacking a Fort call'd *Montjuich*, the valiant Prince of *Hesse Darmstadt* lost his Life. The *English* Fleet began to canonade the City, but ceas'd at the Persuasion of King *Charles*, who was on board the *Admiral*. The 17th of *September* Colonel *Southwell*, chief Engineer, levell'd a Morter so luckily that the Shell fell into their Magazine of Powder in the Castle, which blew it up, and almost buried it in Ruins; the Garrison was in such a Confusion and Frights that they came out, threw down their Arms, and surrender'd Prisoners of War: And on the 4th of *October*, the whole City open'd the Gates to King *Charles*, thro' the Valour and Conduct of our *English* Fleet and Armies. The conquering this City gave a Key to King *Charles*, to unlock, and take Possession of the whole Kingdom of *Spain*.

F I N I S.



F

THE



History the Second.



T H E
STEP-MOTHER;
O R,
Good LUCK at Last.



IN Nottinghamshire there lived a Gentleman of a good Estate, who having but one Son, brought him up with an Education, proper to inherit his Fortune at his Decease. Before the Child had reach'd his Eleventh Year, his Mother dy'd ; and e'er she had been intomb'd a Month, the Father marry'd a Servant Maid, who was supposed to have a Child by him during the Life of his former Wife. This *Step-Dame* was no sooner Wed, but she cast an evil Eye on Master W I L L I A M ; the Name we shall give the Son born in Wedlock, and indeed it was his real Name. But as the following little Story is known to many, we shall conceal the Sirname of the Family. She knew while the Youth continued in his Father's Favour, there was no Hopes of her own Son inheriting the Estate. But as she was a malicious, cunning Woman, she would not appear an open Enemy to the lawfully-begotten Heir, for when she thought proper he should appear faulty, she would go to the Father, and beg
Pardon

Pardon for a Crime he had never committed. The poor Youth durst not vindicate himself to his Father; he was too passionate to hear Reason; or, if he had heard his Complaints, the Step-Mother, as she had Wickedness enough to make Faults for him, she would have Impudence enough to outface him from the Truth. When WILLIAM sometimes would deny to his Father, the false Tales that were composed for him by his Mother-in-Law, she would cry, *O fie! Billy, don't hide your Faults by telling a Lie, that's worse than the Fault itself; confess all to your Father, and his Goodnature will forgive You.* In the mean time, the Bastard Son was indulged in every Thing; and that Indulgence made him as wicked as a Boy of nine Years of Age could be: And if he ever committed a Fault, which he did hourly, they were either conceal'd, or poor BILLY suffer'd for them. The Youth was almost distracted at this Usage; he had no Person to complain to, the Servants that pity'd him durst not speak, for Fear of their wicked Mistress. One Day ROBERT (for that was the Name of the unlawfully-begotten Brat) took it in his Head, with a Stick to murder a Brood of young Chickens; but poor BILLY, on the Complaint of the Mother, was severely Horse-whipt for it, by his Father. This Usage almost broke his Heart; when he open'd his Mouth to excuse himself, the Step-Mother would stop it with, *Say nothing, Child; you can't vindicate Yourself, you know. Mend for the future; these Chastisements are severe, but you'll thank your Father for them one Day, I warrant you; 'tis all for your Good; spare the Rod and spoil the Child.* BILLY could not help saying to her, *I wish you do not spoil your own, for whose Faults I suffer.* This Answer, truly, was saucy and impertinent, and only brought another Beating upon poor BILLY. Another Time BOB had unluckily got among the Turkies; but the Turkey-Cock being enraged at his red Coat, beat him down with his Wings. BOB cry'd out lustily; several of the Servants saw his Distress, but did not offer to assist him; however BILLY hearing his Cries, ran to him, and saved him from farther Danger; but he suffer'd for his Good-nature; The Step-Dame herself (his Father being absent) chastized him for letting her darling Son go into the Danger. One of the Maid Servants told her, *She ought rather to reward him, than beat him in that inhuman Manner.* That's true! reply'd the Termagent; *but you shall not be a Witness either to my Rewards or Punishments; therefore get out of my Doors! Ay, with all my Heart, return'd the Maid, for the Devil would not live with such a Mistress!* When she had received her Wages, and sent her

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Things away, she told her Mistress, she would let her Master know how he used his Child, and what a Fiend of Hell she was. *Will you, said she, tell him of that too,* and at the same Time gave her a hearty Box on the Ear. But the Maid was not behind-hand ; she return'd her Favour with Interest ; and being a lusty Wench, got her Mistress down, pummel'd her heartily, till her Ladyship's Nose gush'd out with Blood ; and the Fury of her Passion to be thus maltreated, threw her into Fits. The other Servants gather'd about her, calling loudly for Water ! The Scullion in the Kitchen hearing the Outcry, ran with a Bowl of greasie Dish-water, and threw it all over her Mistress to recover her ; but our History does not inform us whether she knew it to be Dish-water or not, tho' her Mistress, when she came to herself, had the Malice to tell her she knew it was Dish-water, and that her Wages should be stopp'd to pay for the Damage her Cloaths had sustain'd. When her Husband came in, she told him how her impudent Maid had behaved : *I was chiding BILLY for a Fault he had committed (said she) and truly your Maid Mary cou'd not bear it ; told me she would not live in such a Family, desired her Wages, which I paid her ; and as she went out of the Door, gave me a terrible Blow in my Face, that set my Nose bleeding.* The Husband was in a furious Passion at this Usage of his dear Wife, and vow'd Revenge ! sought for the Maid the next Day ; but the ill-natured Servants gave her Notice of the Danger, and she was no-where to be found ; so the poor, good-temper'd Mistress was disappointed in her Revenge, which I assure you was no small Mortification to her meek Spirit.

HOWEVER, she resolv'd BILLY should feel her Resentment the first Opportunity ; which, give her her Due, poor Woman, she had Wit enough to bring about. Her Son BOB was Mother's own Child, therefore bore Malice in Mind against the Turkey Cock that had so lately misused him ; he had not Courage enough to put himself in Battle Array against him, therefore he thought by Stratagem to overcome his Enemy, to shew he was a *Chip of the old Block*. BOB had often try'd a distant War of Sticks and Stones ; but that Way he was too weak to hurt his Enemy ; and his Fears prevail'd over his Courage too much, to venture on a close Engagement, tho' his Blood thirsted after Revenge. One Day (for he had often gone to Bed and slept without forgiving his Foe) he took Notice that the Poultry ran with a great deal of Joy to meet the Man that fed 'em. Now thought BOB, I have it. The Turkies were secured by a Gate, that fell to
with

with a Pully. B O B goes to the Grainary, and gets him a Handful of Corn, then strows it on the Outside of the Gate, while with one Hand he held it a little open. By good Fortune his Enemy spy'd the Bait first, and as he stretch'd his Neck between the Door and the Post, B O B let go the Gate, and with all his Strength and Weight tugg'd at the Pully, 'till his Enemy dropp'd down dead. The Butler observed B O B at his Work, but took no Notice of it. B O B exulted more at his Victory, than ever CÆSAR did in all his Jumping and capering for Joy; at last seeing the Butler he cry'd, *A ha! I have kill'd the nasty Turkey Cock, that bears me another Day!* But when the Butler told him his Mother would beat him for it, he seem'd to abate of his Joy, and pray'd the Butler not to tell. Immediately after the Death of the Turkey, his good Mother came down, and ask'd B O B hastily, *How came the Turkey kill'd?* Brother BILLY kill'd it, confidently answer'd B O B. Unfortunate BILLY was call'd upon the Instant, and the Father at the same Time to bring his Whip. BILLY was not suffer'd to plead before he was punish'd; however, he had not many Lashes, before he took to his Heels, and the Father after him; but not being so nimble as his Son, he could not overtake him. The Butler was call'd to catch the Fugitive; but he flatly refused, declaring that Master BOBBY ought to be whipp'd, for it was he that kill'd the Turkey, and told his Master the Manner. *You lye! you lye,* reply'd B O B (to shew his Breeding) *it was not Me!* No! you Villain, answer'd the conscientious Lady, *I saw the Rogue WILL kill him with a Stick as I look'd out of my Window; but all the Servants are in the Interest of that young Rascal; and to help all, she pretended to shed Tears, which mollify'd the good Husband; he promised her that all the old Servants should be turn'd off, and exchanged for others of her own chusing. This was the very Thing she wanted to accomplish. All the Servants had Warning given them that very Day, which did not displease some of them.* The Butler was so enraged at this unjust Proceeding, that he took an Opportunity to acquaint his Master of the Malice of his Mistress, and her cruel Dealings with Master BILLY; told the Story of the Turkey, with many other Passages, that the Husband began to feel some Symptoms of Remorse; but alas! when the good Gentlewoman came to plead her Cause, the Butler's Affirmations were proved to be meer Malice, for his being to be turn'd from his Service. The credulous Husband took all for Gospel that his Wife utter'd, and bid her act as she thought fit. *As for BILLY,* said

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said he, I'll put him to a Boarding-School, where he shall stay till I think of some Means to provide for him. This was not what the good Wife would be at. She wanted him to be sent to some Place, where in all Probability, he might never return, or at least till she had prevail'd on her Husband to disinherit him; therefore poor BILLY was destined to undergo more of his *Step-Mother's* Ill-nature at home.

THIS good Woman, as I have said before, was fruitful in Invention, and had all the ill-Qualities in Nature to prompt her; she wanted to be reveng'd on the *Butler*, that had the Assurance to tell Truths to his Master: She procured a false Key to his Trunk, and the Day before he was to leave his Service, she privately convey'd a broken Silver Salver at the Bottom of it; however, this Stratagem did not take Effect, for the honest Creature going to review his Trunk, was prodigiouſly surpriz'd to find the Salver there! He could not for a long time conceive how it should come there, without his Knowledge; but at last rightly guess'd it must be placed there by his Mistress, to bring him into Trouble and Disgrace. He carried it immediately to his Master, his Wife being luckily out of the way at that Time; "Sir, *said the Butler*, I have
 "served you many Years, and faithfully, and never yet had
 "my Honesty suspected; here is a Salver I found in my
 "Trunk, that I am assured was placed there by your
 "Wife, she certainly must have a false Key, which is
 "base in a Woman, that you have thought fit to take the
 "Place of my dear Mistress that's in Heaven. If Spirits
 "could know what is done in this World, my LAST Mistress
 "would not let THIS rest in her Bed, for the ill Usage she
 "gives to her Son. You will pardon this Freedom in a Ser-
 "vant to his Master, but if all I have said is not Truth, may
 "I never eat, or sleep more. The bluntness of the Servant
 something surprized the Master, but the sight of the *Salver*
 surprized him more, for he had seen his Wife take that *Sal-*
ver out of a Chest in the Morning, tho' unobserved by her;
 he was a Man full of Passion, tho' this ill Woman could
 wind his Temper at Will; "I am convinced, *said he to the*
Butler, of thy Honesty, and know full well my Wife means
 "no good; put the *Salver* in your Trunk again, and we
 "shall see how she will proceed To-morrow, for I know she
 "intends to search all the Servants Boxes before they go a-
 "way. No, Sir, *answer'd the Butler*, but if you please to
 "take it in your own Care, you will see her Behaviour at
 "the Disappointment of her Revenge, and once more think
 "of

“ of all I told you concerning my young Master BILLY.” The Husband had but just conceal’d the Plate, when the Wife enter’d with a *Constable*: “ Come, my dear, *said she*, I brought this Man to be a Witness for us, that the Servants may not carry their Things away before they are search’d, who knows but something of yours may be conceal’d; ’tis a rare thing to meet with an honest Servant now a-days; they believe it no Sin to cheat their Master and Mistress. I hope, *reply’d the Butler*, you were honest, when you were a Servant.” This put her out of all Patience; “ Come, *said she*, let us prove your Honesty first, Mr. *Impudence*.” He gave her no Answer, but went before her to his Trunk, when it was open’d she stood confounded, not to find what she expected; “ Sirrah! *said she*, I have lost a piece of Plate, and I am sure you have carried it out of the House. Indeed, Madam, *reply’d the Butler*, searching my Trunk, I did find a Piece of Plate, but knowing by the Coat of Arms it belong’d to my Master, I have just now given it to him; he is convinced as well as I, that you with a false Key placed it there; and I hope as he has found out some of your Tricks, he will come to the Knowledge of all in Time.” This Speech of the *Butler’s* put her out of all Patience, and she would have scratch’d his Eyes out, had not her Husband and the *Constable* interposed; she flew about the House like a Tygress, and it was a full Hour before her Husband could bring her into any Manner of Temper. This poor Man being thus Hen-peck’d, was obliged to submit to all her ill Humours, and possibly if one could have known his Mind, wish’d himself unmarried again; however, the Servants were discharged, and she sent as many Curses after the good *Butler*, as would have served a hundred bad *Butlers*; some Days after this, were employ’d in instructing her new Servants, and they all seem’d to be cut out for her.

WHILE these Affairs were transacting, BILLY had some Respite from her ill Nature, but his good Mother-in-Law had not forgot him; whenever her Husband din’d out, he was obliged to get his Dinner in the Kitchen among the Servants; nay, sometimes he was contented to wait till they were pleased to help him: We may generally judge of the Masters by their Servants; if the Servants are insolent, what must we think of their Masters? or what good natur’d affable Master would keep an insolent, saucy Servant. Poor BILLY pass’d away two tedious Years more in this terrible Situation, while his bastard Brother BOB was train’d up after the old Manner;

BILLY

40 *The STEP-MOTHER; or,*

BILLY pass'd his melancholy Hours among his few Books, and by his Studies learnt to bear his Misfortunes with some Patience. One Day as he was reading in *Virgil*, impertinent BOB came up to him, and would have the Book to look upon the Pictures; BILLY fearing he might rend the Leaves, as he had often done before, struggled to keep it from him, upon which he set up such a *Yaab!* that alarm'd his Mother, who came running to see what was the Matter; when BOB cry'd out, BILLY *would not give him the Book to play with, ah! ah! yah!* The Mother snatch'd the Book out of BILLY's Hand, and gave him such a Blow on the Forehead with the Back of it, that cut the Flesh, and his Face was cover'd with Blood. *Inhuman Wretch, to treat a poor Innocent in such a Manner!* The patient Lamb only sigh'd and shed a Tear, wishing for Death to put an End to his Misery. What has the Father to answer for, to know his lawfully-begotten Son, the Offspring of a virtuous Woman, who had the fewest Faults of any Child of his Years, should meet with such barbarous Treatment? A Woman sure could never have any Regard for the Father, who could use his Child in such an inhuman Manner! My Heart aches to think of it; but all we can plead in the Father's Excuse, that he must be infatuated.

BILLY bore this, and worse Treatment, till he had pass'd his sixteenth Year; but then stronger Reasons, and approaching Manhood, taught him it was too barbarous Usage to bear; and resolv'd rather to trust his Fortune to the wide World, than suffer such opprobrious Wrongs. In his *Childhood*, while his dear Mother lived, he had little Presents made him by her Friends, of fresh coin'd Pieces, which he had seldom look'd upon since her Death; he examin'd his Stock, and found he had upwards of eight Pounds in Silver, which he cautiously changed into Gold, for the easier Carriage; and with this Stock, his whole Fortune, and two Shirts in his Pocket, he left the House of his Father; and his inhuman Mother-in-law, to trust in Heaven for his Support. Hard Fate! for a Youth, lawful Heir to upwards of four thousand a Year, by ill usage from those whom ought to have had the tenderest Regard for him, drove from his native Home; but Fate must be obey'd. He walk'd the first Day twenty Miles, with a broken Heart; on his Journey to *London*, with his tender Feet full of Blisters, without taking the least Sustenance; but at the Approach of Night, he ventur'd into a poor Ale-house on the Road, and ask'd for a Bed. The Woman of the House, seeing a Youth with lovely black Hair, that hung down to the middle of his Back, and the Face of an
Angel;

Angel; wonder'd that such a Person should enquire for a Lodging; however, she invited him in, and told him he should have the only Bed she had to spare. He desired a couple of Eggs for Supper, and while he was eating, season'd all with Tears, the poor Woman was so much concern'd, that she did all she could to comfort him, and endeavour'd to know the Reason of his Sorrow: He let her into some Part of it, but conceal'd his Name, Family, and Abode. Sure, said the Landlady, *your Father must be the greatest Brute Nature ever produced.* But notwithstanding the Usage he received from his Father, he could not bear to hear him thus spoke of. The poor fatigued Youth desired to go to Rest, but when he went to pull off his Stockings, his tender Feet were so blister'd and gall'd, that he could not get them off without terrible Pain; the good Woman got some warm Milk, wash'd his Feet, and desired him to go to Rest; but the Troubles of his Mind, with the Pain of his Limbs, (unused to such Toils) kept him awake many Hours, but at last, Sleep closed his Eyes, and he did not awake till eight the next Morning; he got up and dress'd himself, but his Feet were so bad, that he was not able to walk; the Woman of the House advised him to wait till the Waggons came by, and she was sure they would not be two Hours; and I'll engage, *said she*, upon my Account, if you have but little Money, as I guess your Stock's but small, they shall carry you the three Days Journey to London for a Trifle, nay, *said the old Woman*, if you have no Money, I'll pay them myself. I thank you Mistress for your good Offer, re-return'd our young Traveller, but I have enough to supply my Wants for some little Time. When the first Waggon came, she made a Bargain for half a Crown to carry him to London, refusing to take any thing for what he had of her; kissing and blessing him, and wish'd him Success in all his Undertakings. Our young Traveller could not help saying to himself, *What a Difference there is between this poor Woman and my barbarous Step-Mother! She that never saw me before takes Pity on my Misfortunes, while my Mother-in-law, that ought to have guarded me from 'em, has brought 'em upon me.*

THE Waggon arrived in London according to the appointed Time, at an Inn in Aldersgate-Street; the first Thing WILLIAM did when he came out of the Waggon, was to send for a Barber, to cut off his Hair, the Barber was surprized, when he was inform'd of his Business; but WILLIAM told him as he was in Hope of getting a Service, it would be inconvenient for him to wear his long Hair: The Barber being

42 The STEP-MOTHER ; or,

a very honest Fellow, as a *Barber* may be, comply'd with his Desire, gave him half a Guinea, and cut it off in the Bargain ; before he left him, he call'd to Mind that at a *Coffee-House* in *King's-Street* near *Guild-Hall*, there was a *Servant* wanting, and told *WILLIAM* if he had a Mind to talk with the Master, he would go with him the next Morning. *WILLIAM* agreed, bought him a *Fustian Frock*, sold the Cloaths he wore, which were a little too genteel for a *Coffee-House* Boy ; went to Bed, after supping upon a Pennyworth of Bread and Cheese, and half a Pint of *Ale* ; got up in the Morning, and went with the *Barber* to the *Coffee-House*.

HIS genteel Mein, and Behaviour, pleas'd his new Master, he bought him an *Apron*, and other Things proper, that he might appear decent in his Station. *WILLIAM* pleas'd every Body that saw him, nothing could be done well without *WILLIAM* did it ; in short, he had not been half a Year before he had trebled the little Estate he brought from Home with him : The Liberality of the Gentlemen that frequented the *Coffee-House*, proceeded from an Accident. The Master of the *Coffee-House* had a Son about fourteen, a School-Boy of a good promising Genius, Bedfellow to our *WILLIAM* ; at the *Christmas* Breaking-up, the Lad had a *Theme* to go upon, that puzzled him much ; *WILLIAM* seeing the Difficulties he was in, got up one Morning very early, finish'd it for him, and gave it him when he rose ; the Lad was surprized, for he did not imagine his Father's *Coffee-Boy* understood *Latin*, and wanted to inform him of it ; but *WILLIAM* begg'd he would keep it a Secret. However, his *School-Master* found it, and told him he was assured that *Theme* was not of his making ; the Boy ingeniously confess'd it was made by the *Coffee-Boy* at their House. This surprized the Master in such a manner, that he was resolv'd to be satisfied ; and when School was ended went Home with the Boy ; *WILLIAM* was examin'd, and by his blushing Modesty soon discover'd he was the *Author* of the *Theme* : The Master of the House instead of being uneasy that his *Servant* should have more Learning than his Son, had still the more Regard for him, telling the Passage to all his Customers, which as I said before trebly augmented *BILLY*'s Fortune.

A noted Dealer in the City liked his Learning, and Modesty so much, that he would make him his *Book-keeper* ; tho' the Master of the *Coffee-House* loved him, almost equal to his own Son ; he was too much concern'd for his Welfare, not to comply with the Desires of the Merchant. *BILLY* left his first Master with Tears, tho' he was going to better his Fortune ;

Fortune. His second Master liked him as well as his first; yet in all this Time, no one could get out of him the Name of his Family: He only let 'em know that ill Usage drove him from his native Home. In Course of Business he found he should be obliged to take some Sirname upon him, therefore chose that of *Bourn*; the Name of a Gentleman that took the first Notice of him at the *Coffee-House*. In this Place WILLIAM lived a Year, beloved by every Body that knew him, yet to that Time knew nothing of his *Father* and *Family* in *Northamptonshire*. One Day he had some Business to transact for his Master at a Nobleman's House near *St. James's*; he was surprized to see his Father's Butler there; he would have conceal'd himself; but the honest Fellow knew him, notwithstanding his Peruke made some Alteration. He ran to embrace and kiss him, with the Transports of a real Love. Dear Sir, said the Butler, were you my own Child, I could not be more rejoiced to see You. WILLIAM knowing his Honesty, and former Affections to him, told him (with the Conjuraction of Secrecy) all his Story, since his cruel Mother turn'd him away. The poor Butler could not hear it without shedding Tears, bestowing at the same Time some hearty Curses on his Step-Mother: I heard of your going away, said he, about half a Year ago, by a Servant that was discharged by your good Mother-in-Law, whom I met by Accident here in Town. Your Father, he said, seem'd to grieve for your Absence, but did not shew it in his Wife's Sight, and had secretly sent to find you out, but to no Purpose. He also inform'd me your Brother BOB, as he increased in Age, grew up in Wickedness; and his Mother was so fond of her Cub, she would not let him learn any Thing, for fear he should hurt his Brain by too much Study, poor Child!

WHEN William had done his Business, he took Leave of the Butler, desiring to see him as often as possible. WILLIAM's Master had a Wife, neither very young, nor very handsome, but she cou'd not be brought to think so herself. This mistaken Woman fell desperately in Love (but the Word Love is too soft a Name) with WILLIAM, and when she had an Opportunity, did her Endeavour to let him know it, but he took all for Good-nature. Some particular Affairs calling her Husband a Journey into the Country some Time, she was resolved to tell him plainly in Words, what she had spoke with her Eyes and Actions before. Never was poor Creature so thunder-struck as WILLIAM was at this disagreeable Declaration. He pleaded in vain the Wrong she intended her Husband, his kind Master; but finding his Arguments had no Effect upon her, he told her in plain

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Terms, he would not be guilty of such a Crime for the Universe! *Madam*, said he, *think of the Sin you would commit; 'tis equal to Murder! you kill your Soul, and the Peace of your good Husband, shou'd he once know it. Recal your Reason; and pray to Heaven for Strength to fight and conquer this Devil that possesses You. I'll pluck out my Tongue, e'er I discover this Weakness. Return to Virtue, and you'll one Day bless me for this Counsel. No, Fool*, said she, *I shall despise and hate You for it, and be assured I'll find a Time to be revenged.* WILLIAM knew by his Stepdame's Ill-nature, a bad Woman wou'd stick at nothing to compass her Revenge; all he fear'd was, that she wou'd do him some bad Office with his Master, who had the utmost Regard for him. A few Days after his Return from the Country, he observed he was not so free and open as he was wont to be; but WILLIAM was not to search for a Reason of his Coldness; he knew the Source from whence it sprung. He plainly saw a new Place was to be sought after; as he imagined, so it proved. His Master one Morning call'd him into the Compting-House. WILLIAM, said he, *I am concern'd to tell You, that You and I must part; I know You are innocent of what is laid to your Charge. I have prevail'd upon a Gentleman of my Acquaintance in Northamptonshire to take You for his Steward; I am answerable for your Honesty, but am not under any Pain about that. In two Days You must prepare for your Journey; I'll make You a Present of a Horse, besides your Wages, for your faithful Services, and be assured of my Friendship; I know your good Sense will keep a Secret the Reason of our parting; if I have look'd cold upon You some Time past, it was only with Regret at parting with so good a Servant. Let it suffice; your Discourse with my Wife the other Day was over-heard, and told me with all its Circumstances; You will find a Master that can do more for You, but not one that can have more Esteem than I have.*

WILLIAM was so overwhelm'd with Sorrow, at the Goodness of his Master, and the Thoughts of parting, that he could not speak for some Time: *I am inur'd to the Frowns of Fortune*, reply'd WILLIAM mournfully, *but this Blow strikes me to the Heart! Don't grieve*, said the Master, *I'll ever be your Friend; and if in Return of that Friendship, you will trust me with the Secret of your real Name, and Family, I will never disclose it while I have Breath.* Dear Sir, reply'd WILLIAM, *if I had Secrets that concern'd my Life, I am assured they would be safe with You.* WILLIAM then related the Passages of his Life and Misfortunes; when he had finish'd, his Master took him about the Neck and kiss'd him, with Tears in his Eyes: *I know*, said He, *thy Father and thy Family;*

mily; you are going to live within Twenty Miles of the House where you were born; I hope 'twill prove a lucky Omen; Fortune has Smiles as well as Frowns; your Father's Heart one Day may relent, and dispose him to make you happy. When the Time came to part, his Master wou'd accompany him out of Town, and took their Leaves with Tears on both Sides. The second Day, as he enter'd the Borders of Northamptonshire, a young Man overtook him on the Road; BILLY was glad of Company, for the first Day he rid alone; they dined together, and found by each other's Discourse, their Journey ended at the same Town. WILLIAM's Horse was a very good one, but trotted so hard, and his not riding a great while, he was compell'd to go very slow; however, his Fellow Traveller was good-natured enough to go his Pace. About Sun-set his Companion told him he could shew him the shortest Way to the Place where they were to lye all Night: But when they had enter'd a narrow Lane, he turn'd about, gave a Whistle, clapp'd a Pistol to his Breast, and bid him *Deliver!* WILLIAM was something surprized; but however, drew out his Pistols in order to fire at this betraying Thief. But he told him it was to no purpose, for he had taken Care to draw his Charges, at the Inn where they dined to Day; but to end the Dispute, two Fellows that heard their Companion's Whistle, rush'd upon WILLIAM behind, dragg'd him down, rifled him of all his Money and Watch; yet not satisfy'd with that, they stripp'd him of his Coat and Wastecoa. Their Booty was considerable; for besides the Watch and Cloaths, he had above Forty Guineas in his Pocket. — *I think it Indiscretion in any Traveller, to carry much more than will defray his Expences on the Road, unless a good Company set out together.* However, this was not the fourth Part of his Fortune; the rest he had left in his Master's Hands, who promised to improve it for him. His thievish Companion pretended to be witty, when they had finish'd their wicked Affair: *Dear Sir* (said he) *when you are pleased to take another Journey, never carry so much Money about You; you are young, and don't know the World: but above all, be cautious how you chuse your Company upon the Road; for who knows but you may light upon a Thief, and in all Probability get robb'd by your new Acquaintance: For this good Advice I have taken the Confidence to borrow this Money of You; I wish I had Time, or Opportunity to give you a Note for it, but I'll be sure to pay You on Demand: The Watch I must borrow of You too, for I am obliged to keep time with some honest Companions of mine; but you shall be sure to have it again, when I pay you the Money I have now borrow'd.*

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row'd. As for your Horse, you know he trots so damn'd hard, that I would advise You to get a PAD; I'll take Care to sell this for You to the best Advantage, and to pay You for all together. Your Coat and Wastecoa I'll take, because they fit me as well as if they were made for me; but I'll exchange my great Coat for them, which was new once, I'll assure You; and Exchange, you know, is no Robbery: So wishing You a good Night's Rest, for I fear You will get no other Lodging to Night; and pray accept of that Shilling to drink my Health. So farewell, till I see You again, good Mr. YOUNG Traveller.

AT the End of this elegant Speech, the honest Gentleman rode off, and left poor WILLIAM in the Dark, in an unknown Place, full of Discontent; the Thieves had carry'd away his Letter of Credence to the Gentleman where he was recommended; however, he was obliged to make a Virtue of Necessity. He put on the Thief's great Coat to fence him from the Cold; for tho' it was the Midst of Summer, the Evening was very bleak. He was very much puzzled to find a Path, till the Moon rose and gave him a gloomy Light, that would be apt to create a Terror in weak Minds. He travell'd upwards of two Miles e'er he could find the great Road, and about a Mile farther he came to a little Village, with one Ale-house in it; but seeing his Condition, the Man of the House would not let him in, shutting the Door in his Face. He wander'd a little farther, and the Moon being clouded, he took up his Lodging under a Hedge; yet with an Intention not to sleep, but wait there till the Morning; yet Sorrow and Fatigue clos'd his Eyes, in spite of his Resolution to keep awake; sleeping as sound as if he had been in a good Feather Bed. While this poor, defenceless Innocence remain'd in a profound Sleep, a Pilferer in the Neighbourhood took his Opportunity, while the Moon was clouded, to steal a Parcel of Linnen from a Hedge; but being discover'd by the Owner, he alarm'd the House, and the whole Village, who helter skelter pursued the Thief; who running by the Hedge where WILLIAM slept, flung some of the Linnen that was most burthensome, by Accident, just by him in the Ditch, and run for it: The Noise the Pursuers made waked him out of his Sleep, and getting up, to know the Meaning of this Outcry, was seized by the Multitude. It was in vain to plead his Innocence; the Fact appear'd too plain; the Linnen was found near enough for reasonable People to think him the Thief. He was secur'd at the Ale-house, it being then too late to go to the Justice's. The Man of the House confirm'd all by saying, he thought him a Thief,

Thief, when he enquired for a Lodging that Night, therefore would not let him in. Unfortunate WILLIAM was secured in the Stable by a strong Guard of Rabble, and in the Morning carry'd to a neighbouring Gentleman, Lord of the Village, and Justice of Peace. When he was examined, his innocent Face, and Story of the Robbery, convinced the Justice he was guiltless of the Fact, tho' Appearances were strong against Him; but the Mob would not rest without a *Mittimus*, for to Prison he must go, they cry'd! The Gentleman's Daughter pleaded hard, but the Rusticks prevail'd, and the Justice went very unwillingly about the Warrant. WILLIAM would have told the Gentleman from whence he came, and to whom he was going; but the Mob would not let him open his Mouth. While the *Mittimus* was making, four Fellows came in with the real Thief, who passing WILLIAM in their Pursuit, found him in the Morning hid in an old Saw-pit (by the barking of one of their Dogs) with more of the Linnen about him. The Thief confess'd the Fact, and innocent WILLIAM was released. The Country People now open'd their wilful Eyes, and were as troublesome in their Excuses, as they were before in their Resentments. But the Gentleman gave 'em their Warrant for the Thief, and dismiss'd the Rabble, keeping WILLIAM with him. Understanding his hard Lodging the Night before, and want of Rest, he order'd the Servants to get a Bed ready for him. When the Bed was prepared, the Gentleman conducted him to the Apartment, and left him to his Repose. But what was the Surprize of our young Traveller, when throwing his great Coat upon the Ground, and which fell with a Noise, he pull'd out his Purse and Watch that he thought he had been robb'd of. The Thief it seems, in the Hurry, had put 'em there, and forgot to take them out, when he exchanged Coats. He put on his Cloaths again, and went down to inform the Justice of this good Fortune, among his bad. The Gentleman and his Daughter, the charming ANNE, were highly delighted at the Mistake of the Thief, and wish'd him Joy. WILLIAM begg'd of the Justice he wou'd recommend him to a Taylor; but the good-natured Gentleman had sent before to the next Town for one, and while they were at Breakfast came to the House, took Measure of him, and promised him his Cloaths the next Day.

WILLIAM wrote a Letter to inform his Master in London of all that had befall him, with the Loss of the Letter of Recommendation to his intended new Master, and begg'd him

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him to direct it to the Gentleman's House where he now was. WILLIAM's Master in *London* knew this worthy Gentleman too, and when he received the Letter, wrote an Answer to him, and another to the Justice, letting him into all BILLY's Misfortunes, still keeping his Name, and Family a Secret. This wrought so much upon his Good-nature, that he had a longing Desire to retain him in his Family, in the same Post he was intended for by the other Gentleman ; he wanting at that Time both a *Steward* and *Clerk*. He took an Opportunity to break the Matter to him, and WILLIAM was overjoy'd at the Proposal, telling him he had no Objection to it, but begg'd Leave to acquaint his *London* Master with it ; the Affair was soon agreed, and he took Possession of his new Service, with the Consent of his *London* Master, whom he kept a friendly Correspondence with by Letters. WILLIAM now had arrived to the Nineteenth Year, when Love began to find an Entrance to his Heart ; the Charms of his Master's Daughter were too powerful to look upon without loving ; she was but Eighteen, yet her Understanding and good Sense had gain'd the Start of her Age. The first Moment she saw WILLIAM, she was touch'd with Pity, and Pity often proves the Cousin-German to Love. It was a full Year they felt a mutual chaste Tendernefs for each other, without any farther Declaration, but from Eyes, too often the Tell-tales of the Mind. The Father plainly saw their kindling Love, and was not displeased at their growing Passion ; he had Sense enough to wish for Virtue in a Son-in-Law, before the gaudy Titles of the Great. He was assured by his Letter from *London*, he was by Birth a Gentleman, therefore he broke the Ice to his Daughter, who soon confess'd she loved, but never had any Confirmation of being beloved again ; and I would sooner pine to Death, or think of changing my Condition, without your Consent and Approbation, my dear Father ! said the amiable ANNA. When the Father was satisfy'd as to his Daughter's Heart, he took his Turn with WILLIAM ; he told him, there was a Lady of very good Fortune that had seen him, and he was assured if he would make his Addresses to her, he might succeed in his Courtship. *Are You tired of my Services,* reply'd WILLIAM to this Speech ; *Sir, if You are, 'twill be the greatest Misfortune that can befall me.* No, reply'd the Gentleman, *I love You too well to part with You on any Account, but to better your Condition. 'Tis time enough to alter my Condition,* reply'd WILLIAM ; and whenever Fate intends I shou'd wed, I shall never consider Fortune ; Money can purchase many

many Things, but not Peace of Mind. Come BILLY, you know I love You, return'd his Master, therefore let that be a Motive to answer me sincerely to one Question I shall ask You ; have You never yet seen the Woman You cou'd wish to pass the Remainder of your Days with ? WILLIAM at this unexpected Question, blush'd and cast his Eyes upon the Ground, in the utmost Confusion : Sir, you conjure me in such a Manner, answer'd WILLIAM, that I must own to You I have, but I must beg You not to insist upon her Name. Well, return'd the Master, I will not ; whoever she is, I shall wish you Happiness, tho' it were even my own Daughter. How, reply'd WILLIAM eagerly, your own Daughter ! You wou'd not sure bestow your Child upon an Outcast, a Vagabond, one that has no Being but from your Bounty. I may perhaps, return'd the Gentleman, be very singular ; yet I had rather my Daughter were thy Wife, to ride in my own Coach, than to see her with another Husband, in a Chariot with Coronets to adorn it. WILLIAM was transported with the Goodness of his Master, and cou'd not refrain falling at his Feet in the utmost Transport : Dear Sir, said he, do not flatter a poor distracted young Fellow, in order to punish me for the Crime of daring to adore your lovely Daughter ; for 'tis she I love, and only love, and were the greatest Princesses of the Universe offer'd me to chuse a Wife, I shou'd neglect 'em all for Her. Rise, my dear Son, for so I shall call You now, reply'd his Master ; my Daughter is Yours ; she loves You ; I have extorted the Confession from her own Mouth ; and, maugre your Misfortunes, I think you every Way deserve Her. They were interrupted in their Discourse, by a Servant's acquainting his Master, a Gentleman in a Coach and Six, with a Retinue, was just alighted at the Gate, and enquired for him. BILLY begg'd to be excused in waiting along with him upon the Gentleman, for the Transports of his Mind had so fill'd every Idea, that it required some Time to compose himself. Well, reply'd his generous Master, I'll send my Daughter into the Garden, and if you think fit, You may go and keep her Company. In a few Moments after, he saw the Idol of his Heart enter a Summer-House ; he went trembling with Joy and Fear towards her. She seeing him approach, was under the same Confusion ; for her Father told her he had some private Business with the Gentleman that was just coming in, and desired she would take a Turn in the Garden till it was over, not taking the least Notice of what had pass'd between him and her Lover. As he approach'd the Summer-House, ANNA's Confusion redoubled ; and in order to hide it, was coming down the Steps to turn into another Walk ; but her over Haste made her trip, and she had

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fallen with some Danger, had not WILLIAM ran, and happily caught her in his Arms: *My dear ANNA, I have now within my Arms, all that I prize on Earth* (said He) *I shou'd not have had the Boldness to have declared my Love, had I not been encouraged by your dear Father, who approves my Passion, and has given me Leave to adore You.* ANNA hid her Blushes in his Bosom, and a Shower of Tears trickled down her lovely Cheeks; but they were Tears of Joy, mixt with a modest Shame, that spoke her Heart entirely his. He led her into the Summer-House, where the Secrets of each other's Hearts were disclosed. An Hour pass'd away in mutual Promises of eternal Love.

" In tender Moments, Time flies fast away,
 " While Minutes waiting seem a Year's Delay.
 " Love, the most generous Passion of the Mind,
 " The softest Refuge Innocence can find:
 " The safe Director of unguided Youth,
 " Fraught with kind Wishes, and secur'd by Truth:
 " The cordial Drop Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,
 " To make the nauseous Draught of Life go down:
 " On which one only Blessing Heav'n might raise
 " In Lands of *Athiests*, Subsidies of Praise;
 " For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,
 " But felt the Dart, and bless'd the Power of Love.

THESE happy Lovers were interrupted by the Father's coming. ANNA's Blushes were once more raised in her Face at his Presence. *Come, come my Children,* said He, *it shall not be long e'er your Hands shall be join'd; but I'll have no Speeches now* (and at the same Time prevented WILLIAM's kneeling) *You must come to help to fill up the Table. There is a Gentleman dines with me, that I have not seen a great while; I'll shew him my Son and Daughter, for I will own I'm proud of both.* Good Heaven! cry'd WILLIAM (as he led his dear ANNA by the Hand) how Fortune can reward as well as punish; my Heart is so fill'd with Transport, I have not Tongue to express my Gratitude and Love. I even wish the Thief happy, for the Robbery; had it not been for him, I ne'er had met with this transcendent Bliss. — I must think that Day the happiest of my Life, reply'd the charming ANNA, since it has given me the only Man I cou'd ever love. By this Time they enter'd the Dining-Room, where they beheld an elderly Gentleman in mourning, perusing some Papers; but when he raised his Head, WILLIAM knew him to be his Father. The Sight raised
 strange

strange Emotions in his Breast ; however, he would not be wanting in his Duty, therefore kneel'd at his Feet to beg his Blessing. The Father cry'd, *Rise, young Man, what would thou beg of me ? Your Blessing, Sir, if You can bestow it upon your poor Son WILLIAM, that now intreats it.* O Heaven ! reply'd the Father, *it is, it is my dear Child, whom I was going now to seek, yet never thought to see him more ; canst thou forgive thy unnatural Father his barbarous Usage, that forced thee to forsake his House, and wander up and down the World an Outcast ? But it was that ill Woman that clouded my Reason, and drove out Nature from my Breast.* WILLIAM was transported at his Father's unexpected Goodness, and shed Tears of Joy (as they all did) at this happy Reconciliation. The Justice and his fair Daughter knew all his Misfortunes, but the Name of his Family, which was conceal'd to this Moment ; but the Discovery not a little pleased them both ; the one that his Son-in-Law was reconciled to his Father, and Heir to so considerable an Estate ; and the young Lady, to have made Choice of a Lover, full equal to her by Birth and Fortune. WILLIAM'S Good-nature could not help enquiring of his Father concerning his Step-Dame and his Brother BOB ; for tho' I was hated by them, said he, yet I cannot wish them Harm, because they belong to You. Alas ! my Son, reply'd the Father, thy Goodness confounds me. How can I forgive myself, that knew thy early Virtue, yet cou'd be persuaded to wrong thee ? After thy Absence, which gave me more Concern than I durst shew before my Wife, she was eternally tying me to settle my Estate upon her Son ; but that, believe me, was never my Intention. The Affair of the Butler about the Salver began to open my Eyes ! I watch'd her more narrowly for the future, and found her the basest Woman upon Earth, in every Degree of Life, even to Adultery with one of my Servants. I began now to despise her, and a thousand Times cursed the Day of our Wedlock. I sent privately almost the Kingdom over, to seek thee out, but to no Purpose ; this Disappointment added to my Affliction. The wicked BOB grew every Day more obnoxious to me, to find the Difference between Him and Thee. But at last, Heaven took Pity of my Misfortunes. One Day, as I had wound up my Watch, I put it on a Table, which BOB seeing, he took it in his Hand, open'd it, and went to do as he saw I had done before, and with endeavouring to turn the Key, the Spring broke. This Accident raised my Indignation, and I call'd him (as He was to my Shame) Bastard ! The little Villain return'd, You Lye ! I am no Bastard, and at the same Time threw the Watch at my Head with all his Force. I was so much provoked, that in my Passion I chastized him severely before his Mother ; and tho'

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she knew, or ought to have known, no Treatment cou'd be bad enough for such a disobedient Cub, yet she fell into Fits, and in her Madness beat her Breast, tore herself in such a Manner, that threw her into a violent Fever, and in ten Days Time she expired. But before her Death she sent for me, and conjured me to take Care of her Darling BOB, and I gave her my solemn Promise I would. I bury'd her with all the Magnificence due to a better Wife; and I shou'd be a Hypocrite, if I pretended to say I was inconsolable for her Loss. However, I did intend to take Care of her Son, and had agreed with a Malt-man, one of my Tenants, to take him Prentice; for I knew he had no Learning to take to a better Employment, and it was a Business, if well follow'd, might have gain'd Riches enough, more than he wou'd deserve. But on Sunday last, he went to swim in a River that runs at the Back of our Garden, where he was drown'd. Thus ended the Lives of a bad Woman, and wicked Child; who had they lived, might have done more Mischief.

WILLIAM'S Good-nature could not avoid shedding Tears at this Relation, which the more endear'd him to his Father. But to drown all Sorrow, his Father gave Consent to the Match, settled all his Estate upon him and his Heirs, and trusted to his Son for a Maintenance for Life. "I do this, said the Father, to reward thy Virtue; and to convince thee it shall never be even in my own Power to wrong thee more.

WILLIAM, however eager to possess his beauteous Bride, yet was resolved to have his London Matter, if possible, a Witness of his Happiness. He sent him a Letter to that Purpose, desiring he would acquaint the honest Butler with his Change of Fortune, and approaching Happiness, with his Father's Desire, the Offer of his old Post, if he was not better provided, or thought it worthy of his Acceptance. While they waited for the Presence of WILLIAM'S Master, he call'd to mind the good old Woman at the Ale house, where he lodged the first Night of his Journey to London. They were not above twelve Miles from her House, therefore he was resolved to see her. He soon persuaded his two Fathers, and his dear ANNA, to accompany him. The poor Woman was surprized to see a Coach and Six stop at the Door, and half a Score Attendants on Horseback; she came out with her Eyes bath'd in Tears; for her cruel Landlord had that very Morning seized her Goods, two Cows and a Horse for two Years Rent, which did not amount to Twenty Pounds. She remember'd her young Lodger the Moment she beheld him,

ran

ran to him with the same Transport, and kiss'd him, as if she had been to welcome her own Son from a long Voyage at Sea. "I don't doubt, *said the old Woman*, but your barbarous Mother-in-Law is either dead, or repents her ill Usage, by this Appearance of Change in your Fortune; and tho' it is three or four Years since you lay at my House, yet I have seldom slept one Night without remembering You before I went to Rest" — The lovely ANNA wept to think what her dear Lover had suffer'd at that Time. The Father wiped away some Tears at the cruel Remembrance. WILLIAM enquired of the poor Woman the Cause of her Sorrow, which with repeated Tears, she inform'd him: "I have lived, *said she*, upwards of Forty Years in this little House, lost my Husband Thirty Years ago, brought up four Children, who are all provided for, but far distant from me, and never yet fail'd paying my Rent for the House, and the Ground that belongs to it; neither should I have broke my Word now, with my ill-natured Landlord, had I not been weak enough, three Months ago, to lend Twenty Guineas, which I had saved on Purpose to pay him, to an Exciseman, whom I have not heard of or seen since. The Officers are now in the House, and by Night I shall not have a Bed to rest upon. — Yes, but you shall, *reply'd the grateful WILLIAM*; and I am pleas'd 'tis in my Power to serve You." He consulted his Father-in-Law in the Affair. The Landlord was sent for; and after upbraiding him with Cruelty, his Debt was discharged: And as a farther Gratuity, the Two Fathers, Willam, and his beloved Anna, made her a Present of Ten Guineas a-piece. — *Thus You see, Good-nature and Compassion, seldom pass without Reward.*

WE will wave the old Woman's Transports, and fine Speeches; yet leave her in her own Mind, the happiest Woman in the Universe, and return Home, where they met WILLIAM's London Master, and the honest Butler, just alighted at the Gate. The Transports of the Master and the Butler were equal, at the Sight of WILLIAM, and his Change of Fortune. WILLIAM made the Butler a Present of all his Fortune in Possession of his London Master, which amounted to four hundred Pounds and upwards, as a Reward for his former Love and Honesty, besides the Possession of his old Post.

Now the happy Day was come, when they concluded the Nuptials of the blest'd Couple; whose Joys, we doubt
not

54 *The* STEP - MOTHER; &c.

not will be everlasting, within the Bonds of Wedlock.
The first Year gave them a Son, the Joy and Hope of both
their Families, and at this Moment all live in the utmost
Tranquility. I shall conclude this true, little History, with
the Lines of a celebrated Poet :

HYMEN, thou Source of chaste Delights !
Chearful Days, and blissful Nights :
Thou dost untainted Joys dispense,
And Pleasure join with Innocence :
Thy Raptures last, and are sincere,
From future Grief, and present Fear.
Who to forbidden Joys wou'd move,
That know the Sweets of virtuous Love ?

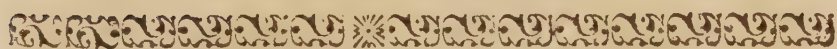
F I N I S.



History



History the Third.



T H E

Unnatural Uncle ;

O R,

Repentant VILLAINS.

N the Isle of *ELY* lived two Brothers ; one a Widower, and the other an old Batchellor. The Widower had one Son, an Infant of Two Years of Age, whom his Mother died in Child-bed with. The Brothers had equal moderate Fortunes, and lived happily together in one House, with two Servants of either Sex. The Father going up into a Tree to lop some Boughs, that hindred a Prospect from his Window, like the *Irishman* lopping the Bough he sat upon, fell to the Ground and broke his Thigh ; he being pretty gross, and past Fifty, the exquisite Pain, and a bungling Surgeon, threw him into a violent Fever, which ended his Days. Before his Death, he made his Will, left his Son Heir to his Possessions, and his Uncle his Guardian, till he came of Age ; and if the Boy shou'd die before him, then the Estate shou'd fall to the Uncle. His Brother was scarce cold in his Grave, before the *Uncle* Guardian wish'd the Son might follow as soon as possible, that his Fortune may be doubled

56 *The Unnatural* UNCLE; or,

doubled by his Death ; but the innocent Boy seem'd likely to live long enough, aye, much too long, the Uncle thought. He cast about many Ways to get rid of him, but could not find one secure from Blame ; poisoning was dangerous, and might be found out. He was some Months in his wicked Contrivances, and cou'd not meet with one to please himself. As it fell out, a Company of *Gipsies*, who like the *Tartars*, have no constant Dwelling-Place, but find a fresh Place of Rest every Night, and leave it in the Morning. The precious Uncle wish'd with all his Heart, these *Gipsies* wou'd steal his Nephew, as *Gipsies*, they say, will steal every Thing they like. He gave the *Gipsies* Leave to lye in his Barn all Night, and led his little Nephew by the Hand, to look upon them in their Lodgings. Some were kindling a Fire on the Outside of the Barn, while others were buiy'd in composing their Beds of Straw, to rest after a plentiful Supper ; for you must know these *Gipsies* live well, as well they may, being every Mans Goods and Chattels are theirs, wherever they can conveniently meet with them ; yet they have so much Honour among 'em, they never rob their kind Host, who entertains 'em with a Lodging and clean Straw. The poor Infant was very much delighted with the Gobble-Gabble of the tawny Crew, and the *Gipsies* as much delighted with Master *Jackey's* Prattle-prattle ; for *John*, the Boy was christen'd. The Uncle seeing them pleased with each other's Company, left them some Time, and when he return'd, found *Jackey* at high Supper with them in the Barn, and the chief *Gypsie* told his Uncle, *the Boy wou'd make a brave Gypsie*. The Uncle return'd him no Answer then ; but after Supper call'd him aside, and spoke to him after this Manner : *Friend, I have some powerful Reasons for removing this Boy, you see yonder from my House ; if you will take him among You, and never let me see him more, I have Forty Guineas in my Pocket, on that Condition, and keeping this an inviolable Secret, shall be Yours*. The *Gypsie* was surprized, and pleased with the Proposal, for they often buy Children of indigent Parents. — *I like the Offer*, reply'd the *Gypsie*, *but how will you contrive to let us have this Child, unknown to any Person ? For that, let me alone*, return'd the good Uncle. *To Morrow, my Man and my Maid go to a neighbouring Market at Break of Day ; now those are all the Servants I have. You must take Care, when you see they are gone, to come to the Door of the House ; I'll be ready to open it, and conduct you to the Room where he lies ; then take him napping, and carry him off, but use him well. Use him well, Sir*, return'd the *Gypsie*, *he'll want no-
thing*

Repentant VILLAINS. 57

thing in our Society ; and when he comes to the Pleasures of it, he would not leave it for a large Estate. Nay, he shall be educated according to his Capacity. Sir, we have Poets, Priests, Lawyers, Statesmen, Politicians, Fortune-tellers and Physicians among Us ; and if You knew how happily we live, you would sell your Estate and turn Gypsie Yourself: And then repeated these Lines.

Our Goods a Basket, and clean Straw our Bed ;
We strole, and telling Fortunes gains us Bread.
Farthings, and Silver sometimes are our Fees,
And we interpret all your Dreams for these.
Foretels th' Estate, when the rich Uncle dies,
And what we utter, is sure Truth, not Lies.
The poorest of each Sex have still an Itch,
To know their Fortunes equal to the Rich :
The Dairy Maid enquires if she shall take
The trusty Taylor, and the Cook forsake.

WELL, no more of your Verses, said the good Uncle, but think of the Affair. To Morrow Morning you shall take the Child in *one* Hand, and the Guineas in the *other*, and make the best of your Bargain, and so parted till Morning. When the Morning came, out went the Man and Maid, and in came the *Gypsie*, admitted by the kind Uncle. They went to the Chamber where the sweet Innocent lay fast asleep ; and, naked as he was, carry'd him to the Barn, and then the whole Troop decamp'd immediately. The Uncle had the wicked Joy to see him put on the Ass, still asleep, before the chief *Gypsie*, wrapp'd in a Blanket, without the least Remorse, wishing in his Heart that he might never see him more.

HIS Eagerness to get rid of the poor innocent Nephew, made him forget the main Affair ; *What he shou'd say!* What Excuse to make to save himself from Suspicion ; tho' few People wou'd suspect him for such a Piece of Barbarity, for he seemingly doated on the Boy, but especially since he took this wicked Design in his Head. First, he form'd a Resolution of telling Truth, and that the *Gipsies* had certainly taken him away. No, that wou'd not do, the *Gipsies* might be easily traced in their Progress, and the Child found ; nay, what was almost as bad, his Forty Guineas thrown away, and perhaps the Truth found out. These Thoughts made him repent his hasty Conclusion with the Chief of these wandering Vagabonds. The Perplexities confused his Mind

58 *The Unnatural* UNCLE; or,

in such a Manner, that he cou'd not think at all to the Purpose. His two Servants went every Market Day to provide Necessaries for the Week, and in their Absence, a Woman at a Cottage near the House, used those Mornings to come about Seven to dress little innocent *Jackey*. The Time drew near, and the Uncle come to no Resolution; but being obliged to fix upon some Method, he ran down to the Stable and saddled his Horse with his own precious Hands, put on his Boots, with his Whip under his Arm, and was ready to mount at the first Appearance of the Woman, who was to come to dress the Boy. When she came near enough to be seen and over-heard, he seem'd almost distracted, wrung his Hands, stamp'd, stared, and had all the counterfeited Actions of a Man in the greatest Agony; often breaking out with Exclamations: "O my poor, dear Boy! I shall never see thee more! O Curse on these *Gipsies*! and all *Gipsies* for their Sakes! ah Goody! Goody, the *Gipsies* this Morning have stole away my poor, dear Nephew, the Darling of my Heart; but I'll follow 'em the World over, before they shall rob me of my dear, dear Boy. Therefore do you take Care of the House, feed the Hogs and the Poultry, milk the Cows, and take Care the Kite does not carry away any of the Chickens; and if the Servants come home before me, tell 'em where I am gone." He did not stay for an Answer from *Goody*, but mounted his Horse, and in Reality rode after the *Gipsies*, in Hopes to meet with them; but they had their Marches and Counter-marches, and once they are a Mile or two from their last Lodgings, they disperse, and meet altogether at their Rendezvous in the Evening, where each brings in his Money and Share of Plunder. The precious Uncle travell'd several Hours, and with great Eagerness enquired of all he saw, if they had met any *Gipsies*; but was answer'd in the negative. By his not finding them, he was in great Hopes he never shou'd. He stay'd out almost till it was Dark, that he might prevent any other Persons pursuing 'em. When he came to his own Home, *Goody* was ready to die at his Return without the Boy; but he pacify'd her by telling her, he had sent several trusty Scouts to look after them, and did not in the least doubt but he shou'd have his *JACKY* in the Morning.

THE two Servants generally made it dark before they came from Market, making it a Sort of Holly-day; but this Time they were later than commonly they used to be, which did not displease their Master. After they had done their Marketting, they went with several of the neighbouring Farmers

Farmers a House-warming to a young Couple that had newly set up an Ale-house in a Village out of their Road. When their Merry-making was over, every Body mounted to return home. In a narrow Lane they met the very *Gipsies* that lodged in their Master's Barn the Night before, just got together, in order to go to their Rendezvous. Some that accompany'd the Uncle's Servants, being a little heated with Liquor, resolv'd to have their Fortunes told; but the *Gipsies* excus'd themselves by saying, it was too dark to examine the Lines of their Hands and Faces. JACKEY being with the *Gipsies*, and hearing the Servants Voice among the rest, cry'd, *Sarah, I am a hungry, pray give me some Supper.* Sarah hearing the Voice of her young Master JACKEY, was very much surpriz'd; she soon alarm'd the rest of the Company; but a Battle ensu'd before they cou'd gain JACKEY's Liberty. Oh how pleas'd the Servants, and their Assistance were at this Conquest; all their Discourse was till they reach'd home, of the prodigious Joy it wou'd be to his Uncle, when he saw his Nephew return'd to him in Safety. Before they came to the House, the Uncle heard their often-repeated Huzza's! and, as bad Consciences are seldom at Rest, was allarm'd at it. Goody ran out to see what was the Matter, or rather to hear, for it was too dark to see, soon found out the Meaning of their Huzza's! ran with all the Impatience possible to acquaint her Master: *Sir, here is Master JACKEY! Master JACKEY's found.* The Devil he is, thought the Uncle; I had rather he had been lost with all my Heart. However, it was proper he shou'd be overjoy'd as well as the rest; but had it been light enough to have seen his Countenance, even these Rusticks would soon have discover'd his Tongue and Heart at that Time, were twenty Miles asunder. But JACKEY's come home; the Servants and Neighbours are overjoy'd, and so is the Uncle seemingly. This was a double Punishment to him; the Return of the Child, and the Loss of his Forty Guineas; but there was no Help for it now: It only whetted his Resolution to get rid of him at a cheaper Rate. He seem'd to care for the Child more than ever, wou'd often take it along with him in his Boat a Fishing, for his Prattle-prattle wou'd, he said, divert him; and so it wou'd any one, that had not the Devil of Rancour in his black Soul: So a Cat plays with a Mouse, till at last she gives it a Pat, and down with it. As I said before, the Uncle was resolv'd not to be at the Charge to keep a Boy that had a good Stomach, and must now and then have Cloaths to wear; therefore one Afternoon was

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resolved to put an End to that Expence. He took poor JACKY in the Boat with him as usual, went down the Stream, and about three Miles below his own House, threw him into a Whirl-pool, pushing the Boat home again as fast as possible. He had time enough to think of his manner of Grief before he got home, and form his specious Lye. When he came to his House, he was inconsolable. O the Pleasure of his Life was fled ! His darling Boy was gone ! for ever gone ! Curse on the Time when first he took him into the Boat “ I had fix’d my Pole to keep the Boat fast, *“ said the tender Uncle, and was busy employ’d at my Diversion, which I will never take again. The poor innocent Babe stooping over the Side of the Boat, to catch some Rushes that were going down the Stream, the Fright it put me in to see him reach his precious Hands towards the Water, made me start up in order to save him, and with the Motion of the Boat, the poor Boy fell in ; and before I cou’d get the Boat loose to go to his Assistance, the Stream carry’d him to a Whirlpool, where he was suck’d in and perish’d. I was an Hour searching for his precious Body, but all in vain. O my poor Boy ! My Child ! wou’d I had dyed in thy Place, for now all the Comfort of my Life is gone.*

THUS did this hypocritical Villain lament, and even shed, or seem’d to shed Crocodile Tears. Nothing wou’d serve him, but in the Morning he wou’d go out with Nets, to drag for his precious dear Body, that he might wash it with his Tears, and embalm it with his Sighs ; then bury it in the same Grave with his Father. When they came to the Whirlpool, the vile Uncle cry’d out, with the utmost seeming Sorrow, *“ Ay this, this is the fatal Place where my dear Baby was swallow’d up. Let us drag here to find what will break my Heart to see, when we do find.* As the Men were in the Water drawing the Net, one Part of it got hold of a Stump of a Tree in the Whirlpool, and the Fellows were afraid to go into the Whirlpool to clear it : One of them call’d to mind that a little further down the Stream, there lived a Fellow that wou’d undertake it ; a meer Otter, for ever in the Water. The Uncle bid one of ’em run that Moment and bring him thither. The Man return’d upon the Instant with the Wife ; she knew the Uncle : *“ Sir, said she, my Husband is gone to your House with Master JACKY ; he took him up last Night, as he was groping for Cray-Fish. And I’ll reward him for it, reply’d the Uncle ; here, give him that Guinea, and when either of you come to my House,*
you

you shall be welcome. Wou'd to Heaven Providence had order'd it so to have taken him up alive. "Alive! *reply'd the Woman*, Heaven be praised, he is both alive and well. "My Husband, Yester-Evening, saw something white roll down the Stream; he stopp'd it, and found it to be a Child almost drown'd; but he brought it home upon the Instant, held up his little Legs, and made it disgorge the Water it had swallow'd, and in half an Hour the poor little Thing was as well as ever it was in his Life. My Husband did not know the Child; but I had seen him several Times, when I used to come to your Worship's House with Fish." The disappointed, villainous Uncle stood in Need of all his Art to hide the Displeasure of his Countenance at this unexpected News; however, being a perfect Master in the Art of Dissimulation, he thank'd Heaven for this happy Chance, with Eyes and Hands raised upwards, as if it had been the only Blessing he could receive from thence. He was so much transported, that he forgot to give the Woman a farther Reward, and return'd home with a false Pleasure in his Looks, that gave him a great deal of Pain to dissemble. His Man could not avoid taking Notice of it, but kept his Suspicions to himself. When they came home, he ran with open Arms to hug and kiss the Boy for Joy; but the same Time, he wou'd have willingly squeezed the Breath out of his Body. *Ah Pappy (said Jackey) what made You throw me into the Water? I had liked to have gone into the Pit-hole.* The vile Uncle was not prepared for such a sudden Question, therefore he was forced to turn away to recover himself, putting at the same Time the Child's Face to his, that his Confusion might not be observed. No, my Dear, said the Uncle, *I would sooner have thrown Myself in than Thee; I endeavour'd to save Thee.* Well, the Servant whom we shall call Sam, began to mistrust the Truth; however, he conceal'd his Suspicions from every Body, even from the Maid, who was his Sweet-heart, but resolved to make a strict Observation upon all his Actions, relating to the Child.

THE next Day, Sam got an Opportunity of getting Master JACKEY in private: *Well, Master JACKEY, said SAM, I hope you'll never go in a Boat again, for fear You should fall over-board and be drown'd.* Pappy (as he call'd his Uncle) put me in, and said naughty Words. Naughtly Words! what naughty Words? He said, *Go you little Son of a Bitch, go to the Devil! and so beat me in the Water.* SAM was convinced the Child cou'd not form that Speech; therefore he was assured his wicked

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wicked Master intended to make away with the innocent Infant, only to keep the Estate in his own Possession. SAM loved the Child as if it had been his own; and that Love made him watch every Motion of the Uncle, tho' unobserved by him. Whether it was the Fright of the Water, or Nature in the Child we do not know, but a few Days after this Affair the Small-pox came out. The Uncle here had some Hopes the Distemper might do what he wish'd from the Bottom of his Heart; but he was disappointed again, for Master JACKY recover'd without the least Mark in his Face, to the Joy of every Body but the Uncle, who express'd in outward Show, a superior Pleasure. He began to hate his Man and Maid, for the Care they took in his Illness; besides, by this Time, he had taken Notice that SAM view'd him often with an inquisitive Eye, which he could not bear. To turn them away abruptly would not be convenient, therefore he intended to watch for Faults in one or both; but they knew their Duty so well, he could lay nothing to their Charge. He had found out before his Brother died, that they loved each other, and did intend to marry when they had got something before-hand, to put 'em in a Way (as they call'd it) and an Opportunity in a little Time fell out, where he thought he shou'd part with them both to their seeming Advantage. One of his Tenants dying, he had his small Farm to dispose of, which he propos'd to SAM and the Maid at a much cheaper Rent than what the former paid. This Piece of Generosity was to reward 'em, as he said, for their long and faithful Services. The Offer was too good to refuse, and the Servants accepted of it with Joy, were soon wedded, took Possession of their new Farm, and had a fair Prospect of doing well in it; yet all this did not prevent SAM's Observations of his Master and Nephew. He took all Opportunities of going to the House, and every Thing appear'd so well to his Mind, that he began to think he had wrong'd his Master with injurious Suspicions. He had reveal'd all to his Wife, when they were first marry'd; but the honest Creature cou'd not imagine any so barbarous to hurt the Innocent, but more especially his Uncle, who appear'd so fond of him. SAM's ill Thoughts of his Master wore off by Degrees; he imagin'd the Child's Fright in his falling into the River, might create in his young Fancy, what he told him of his Uncle. A whole Year pass'd away, and Master JACKY to every Body seem'd the Darling of his Uncle. The Uncle had Business that call'd him to *London* for a Month or six Weeks; and what

intirely

intirely cured SAM of all his ill Thoughts was, that the Uncle desired JACKY should be under their Care during his Absence, for fear his new Servants should not take proper Care of him.

WHEN the Uncle had set out for *London*, SAM never once went to his House (for indeed he did not greatly like the new Servants, especially the Man) till his Master return'd. The Uncle stopp'd at SAM's Door before he wou'd go home, to see his dear Boy, as he call'd him, but would not take him with him that Night. He return'd the next Morning, made a Present to SAM's Wife of a Pound of Tea, and a Sugar-Loaf, for their Care of his Nephew. When JACKY was at his Uncle's again, SAM renew'd his Visits as usual; which the other Servant took Notice of, and always treated SAM in a very surly Manner. Nay, one Day, there rose such high Words between them, that SAM beat him severely, and the other vow'd to be revenged! but SAM despis'd his Menaces till one Day going into the Fields, he took Notice that one of his Cows had her Udder cut off. This made him; almost distracted, for he did not doubt but the wicked Servant had done it. He immediately flew to his Master, and complain'd; the Fellow was sent for, but confidently deny'd it, yet Guilt was plain enough in his Countenance. The Uncle perceiving the Wickedness of this new Servant, thought him a proper Fellow for his Design upon the Life of his innocent Nephew. He tamper'd with him, and by Degrees, brought him to promise for the Reward of one hundred Pounds, he would dispose of him in such a Manner, that he shou'd never see him more. The Bargain was struck, and it was given out, that Master JACKY was to go to *London* in a little Time, to be under the Care of a Friend, who was to provide for his Education. This Report began to revive SAM's Fears again; but the Uncle gave him such Reasons for it, that SAM seem'd satisfy'd. The black Day was fix'd for their Departure, and the Servant sat out with the Victim before him for *London*. SAM would have willingly been employ'd in this Journey, and offer'd his Service; but the Uncle told him, he intended to part with the Servant, and had order'd his Friend in *London*, by Letter, to discharge him the Day he arriv'd there; for, said he, *I don't like him; I believe he is a very wicked Fellow.* SAM confirm'd that Opinion, and reply'd, *I am glad we are rid of him at any Rate.*

THE Servant, when he got into the *London Road*, cross'd the Country, and by easy Journies, came to *Tewksberry* in
Glow-

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Gloucestershire, with the pretty innocent J A C K E Y, where he sold his Horse, and took Boat for *Gloucester* City. He had several Times intended to murder him in some obscure Place ; but his innocent Prattle, and harmless Looks prevented him. When he arrived at *Gloucester*, he took a cheap Lodging, till he cou'd find some Way to dispose of his Charge ; but the longer he was with him, the more he relented, and at last he quite abhorr'd his cruel Purpose. *'Twas Heaven's immutable Decree it should be so!* He propos'd often the carrying him back to his Uncle ; but then his Tenderness for the Child, which grew more and more every Day, prevented him. He did not in the least doubt but he would find some Instrument of Villainy barbarous enough to undertake his Death, and not have a relenting Soul like his. From his increasing Fondness, he became fearful of losing him, and now all his Study was to provide for him. He even abhorr'd the Money he had received, as the Price of Blood ; but as he repented, he was resolv'd at last to put himself in a Way to provide for himself and Child. The House where he lodged was an *Ale-house*, kept by a Widow ; he undertook to court her, and soon gain'd her Consent ; she liked both him and the Child, which pass'd for his own by a former Wife. They were marry'd ; and the Money he brought in the Stock enabled them to carry on a thriving Business. He put his supposed Son to School, and cloath'd him generally equal to the Fortune he was born to ; he fear'd as much the Boy shou'd be taken from him, as if he was naturally his own ; therefore he never acquainted his Uncle even of his false Death, which he promis'd to do. By this Time J A C K E Y was Eight Years of Age ; he was admir'd for his Beauty and Learning by all that knew him. He had no Vice, not even School-Boy's Tricks ; he loved his Learning, and was seldom seen without a Book in his Hand. What pass'd at his Uncle's appear'd as a Dream ; and his supposed Father did all he could to erase it from his Memory. The Wife, having no Children of her own, loved J A C K E Y as well as if she had felt the Throws of Child-birth for him. The *Husband* repented of all his former Ill-nature, and study'd how to make S A M Amends for the Loss of his Cow ; but cou'd not bring it about for Eight long Years. At last Fortune threw it in his Way. He accompany'd a Gentleman to *Dunstable Fair*, to buy a Set of Coach Horses, where he found S A M, on the same Errand to provide himself with a Couple of Cart Horses. He saw S A M, but S A M did not see him. He sent for him to the Inn;
yet

yet SAM, at first Sight, could not call him to Memory, he was so much alter'd for the better in his Countenance; for *when the Mind is prone to Virtue, it will shew itself in the Face*. When he discover'd who he was, SAM had forgot all Injuries, and was glad to see him, but more on the Account of his dear Master JACKY. He enquired if he knew any thing concerning the Child? He answer'd him he knew him to be well and happy three Days ago. *Then I am satisfy'd*, reply'd SAM, *I have heard of his Health often from his Uncle, who tells me he is a fine Child, and studies hard; but I own I am better pleased to hear it confirm'd by You, for some private Reasons of my own.* Don't You remember, said JACKY's supposed Father, *that your Cow's Udders were once cut off; You supposed it was me, and I own to You, your Suppositions were just; therefore I desire You will accept of these Twelve Guineas to put another in her Place. I have been some Years ashamed of my former Barbarity and Ill-nature, but have repented ever since, and long'd for an Opportunity to make You Amends for the Loss You sustain'd from my Villainy; yet I beg you will not let my old Master know You have seen Me. I was discharged his Service a few Days after I parted with him, and love his Nephew so well, that I should think myself unhappy if I did not see him every Day.* SAM was much surprized at this Generosity and Change of Temper; and cou'd not help telling him, his Opinion of him was much alter'd from what it was. They parted good Friends, and SAM promised he would never reveal to any one, no not his own Wife, what had pass'd between them.

HOWEVER, before they took Leave of each other, a Direction was given to SAM, if any thing particular shou'd fall out, where to direct a Letter for a Friend in London, that wou'd take Care he should receive it. When the Gentleman had bought the Horses, they return'd home. We shall say little till JACKY had come up to his tenth Year. A Lady near Gloucester was so much pleased with him, that she order'd his Father and Mother to bring him to her House, where she gave him the same Education with her own Children, but sent him home every Night to his supposed Parents. This Lady was a Widow of a plentiful Fortune, her Children were three Sons and one Daughter, who had ten thousand Pounds left her by an indulgent Aunt, lately dead. The Lady loved JOHNNY so well, that he was furnish'd with Mourning for her Death, equal to her own Sons. If he was absent, there was no Joy among the rest; in short, as he grew up, he began to feel a tender Passion for the Daughter, and she the same for him, which was at first laugh'd at by

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the Mother ; but seeing as their Years increased, that Passion strengthen'd, she thought it high time to put an End to the Affair. She loved JOHNNY very well, but not enough to marry her Daughter to an Alehouse-keeper's Son. In short they were parted, to the great Grief of all the Children ; JOHNNY was order'd to come there no more ! This almost broke his Heart ; he had Sense to know the Difference of Birth, yet had not Reason sufficient to quell his ambitious Passion. He lived a whole Year without seeing the young Lady, in all the Torment of Despair. He told his Father, he must seek a Remedy by Absence, for nought but that or Death cou'd cure his Passion. The young Lady was in the same, or worse Condition ; her Mother had convinced her, what a Disgrace it wou'd be to give her Heart away to a Person of such mean Birth. *Yes, Madam, reply'd the young Lady, I know it, and were I left to my own Will, I wou'd sooner die than bring such a Scandal upon my Family ; but yet at the same Time let me acquaint You, that I must die to be freed from this inexpressible Torment I labour under.* The good Lady was half distracted at what her Child felt, and cursed the Hour she ever took unfortunate JOHNNY into her House. His Father was in the same Distress, for his supposed Son was at the Door of Death. He was resolved to wait on the Lady, and discover his real Birth, and the whole Secret. He went accordingly, and disclosed all that he knew. The Lady was so much surprized, that she cou'd not give sufficient Credit to the Story : Tho' she knew him for an honest Man, she only suspected this to be a Trick, in order to prevail upon her to consent to their Loves ; and in plain Terms told him so. *Madam, said he, You may satisfy Yourself in a Fortnight's Time in the Truth of this, if you will send a Messenger with me that You can trust ; You shall be convinced, or I will lose my Life.* No, reply'd the Lady, *I will go with You ; this is too nice an Affair to trust to any but myself. In a Fortnight we will set out ; in the mean time give the young Gentleman what Comfort is necessary, as I shall my Daughter. If I prove all You have said to be Truth, in the Name of Heaven, let their young Loves go on, and in Two Years I shall be willing to consummate the Nuptials, for till then I think it improper.*

THE young Couple, upon the Strength of this Story, had the Liberty once more to see one another, in the Presence of the Lady, and were given some Hope they might one Day meet with Happiness. In the mean time, while they were making Preparations for this Journey, known to no one but the Lady, and JOHNNY's supposed Father, he received a
Letter

Repentant VILLAINS. 67

Letter from SAM, in one inclosed from his Friend at London. SAM's Letter was as follows :

S I R,

“ I Think it is now almost four Years ago since I saw you
 “ at *Dunstable*, and you desired to hear from me, if any
 “ Thing extraordinary happen'd with us. I'll give you an
 “ Account as short as I can. JOHNNY's Uncle for these
 “ Twelve Months past, has been possess'd with a deep Me-
 “ lancholly, and now is visit'd with Fits of Madness : In
 “ some of these Fits, he rails on You, and calls you the
 “ Murderer of his Nephew. We are all surprized we do
 “ not see his Nephew, nor can we learn from him where he
 “ is ; he is now, if I am not mistaken, in his 16th Year, if
 “ he be alive, which I hope you can inform me ; and I am
 “ sure his Presence will be necessary here, for I don't think
 “ his Uncle can live long in the Condition he is in. He
 “ has several Times attempted to make away with himself,
 “ so that we are obliged to watch him carefully, and take
 “ every Thing from about him that is dangerous. I was ap-
 “ pointed to sit up with him the other Night, while he was
 “ in one of his mad Fits. In his Ravings, he call'd out to
 “ me, SAM, don't you see my Nephew all bloody at my Bed's
 “ Feet ? That Villain (naming You) has murder'd him ! —
 “ Look ! looke there ! But who set him on ? Myself ! I gave him a
 “ hundred Pounds and a Horse to murder the dear Boy ! Then
 “ wou'd he weep, wring his Hands, and fetch such Groans
 “ as were terrible to hear. After this, he would rest for
 “ some Time, call for Water, and cry, *Wou'd it were Poison,*
 “ *I shou'd drink it with greater Pleasure than I ever drank Liquor*
 “ *in my Life.* After an Hour's dozing, his Fit began again,
 “ then he was talking of giving forty Guineas to a Gypsie
 “ to carry his Nephew away, talk'd of Verses the Gypsie re-
 “ peated to him, and then describ'd his Manner of throwing
 “ his Nephew out of the Boat. These two Passages I very
 “ well remember. For the Love of God, if you know
 “ where his Nephew is, bring him here, I'll answer for your
 “ Charges, and pay it out of my own Pocket, rather than
 “ you shall lose it. It behoves you to do this, for your own
 “ Character suffers. I do not think you deceived me, when
 “ you inform'd me you saw him every Day. If his Uncle
 “ dies, his Fortune will be near a Thousand a Year ; it is
 “ worth coming to take Possession of. I cannot hear of any
 “ Relation left besides himself. Let me beg you once more,
 “ for the Sake of Heaven, and all good Things, to come
 “ without

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“ without Delay. I have sent to a worthy Clergyman from *Ely*
 “ to converse with him, and fit his Soul for another World.
 “ I believe he has open'd his Conscience to him; for, in
 “ his Intervals of Sense, he asks for him, and is continually
 “ writing by him, but when he prays. It is a long Letter,
 “ but I hope you will pardon it, and forgive your humble
 “ Servant,

SAMUEL F —

P. S. If I don't hear from you soon, I will come up to *London* and find you out, for I must have these Things clear'd up; and I hope I shall have Things proved according to my Wish.

JOHNNY's supposed Father was pleased with the Letter, and immediately carry'd it to the Lady. *Well, said she, when she had read it, this has convinced me; however, I find it necessary we shou'd go with JOHNNY, and now I dare give Consent they shou'd see one another as often as they please.* The young Lovers were now in Heaven again, and their Health was soon restored. The Lady, Master JOHNNY and his Father, set out for the *Ile of Ely*, and arrived there in Safety. The whole Village was in a general Joy at the Sight of the Nephew; the Bells were set on ringing to welcome him to Town. The Uncle was much mended in his Senses, with the Clergyman's Advice and Prayers. He heard the Bells, and ask'd the Meaning. SAM came the first to acquaint him with the News of the Arrival of his Nephew: O SAM! SAM! cry'd out the Uncle, *why wou'd you deceive me. I wou'd give all my Estate, and live upon begging Almshouses from Door to Door, on Condition thy News was true!* You shall have it much cheaper, reply'd SAM; I desire but a Quarter's Rent. The Uncle seem'd to smile with Incredulity. Come Sir, said SAM, look out of your Window, and in five Minutes you shall see him enter your Doors. He got up, with Help, and look'd wistfully with his dying Eyes, and saw indeed his Nephew, with the Servant he hired to murder him, alight out of a Coach and Six. The Uncle could scarce credit his Eyes; but as soon as he enter'd the Chamber, he was convinced. He cou'd only say, *It is! it is my dear Nephew, alive and in Health*, and fell backward on his Bed, speechless. It was a full Hour before they could bring any Signs of Life in him; when he came to the Use of Speech, he cry'd, “ Now Heaven, I hope, has heard my Prayers, forgiven my “ Offences, and will take me to his Mercy!” He took his Nephew

Nephew by the Hand, and bath'd his Cheeks with repentant Tears. "How could it enter this harden'd Heart, said He, to think of murdering Thee ! But Heaven, I hope, has punish'd me in this World : I have not had a Moment's Peace of Mind these many Years ; still my horrid Fancy represented Thee in all the ghastly Forms of Death, bloody and pale ! Oh ! the Stings of Conscience are dreadful ! How hast thou lived ? Oh ! how hast thou been preserved ?" His supposed Father then related all that has been already told. When the Story was finish'd, he embraced his Servant, and thank'd him with a Shower of Tears for his Return to Humanity. His Weakness could not bear these strong Efforts of Nature long. A Lawyer was sent for, and he made his Will, and bequeath'd all to his Nephew, desiring he would reward the faithful Creature that had spared his Life.

Now, my dear Nephew, my earthly Task is done, said the Uncle faintly, kneel with me and beg of God Forgiveness of my Sins. At his Request they all went to Prayers, and he expired just as he had ended his Devotion, with a pleased Countenance, as if he had made his Peace with Heaven.

" Offending Man Heaven's high Compassion wins,
" When daily Prayer atones for daily Sins.

THE Nephew, after the Funeral of his Uncle, chose the Lady his Guardian, with full Power to dispose of the Estate that was left him. Searching his Uncle's Papers, he found this Story, as far as it related to him, wrote down with his own Hand, even to his very Thoughts, with these Words at the End. "After my Death, let this Paper be publish'd to the World, only concealing my Name, and the Names of those concern'd therein. That it may be a dreadful Monitor to those avaritious Wretches, who place all their Happiness in Riches, when a calm and quiet Conscience is the only Wealth on Earth."

THE Uncle had upwards of three thousand Pounds in Notes and Money by him when he died ; one Thousand he gave his Father, as he call'd him ever after. His Estate was sold ; for he thought no other Air was worth breathing, but that where his dear, intended Wife was born) all but SAM'S little Farm, which he gave to him and his Heirs, made the worthy Clergyman a Present of his Father's and Uncle's Books, also Gratuities to every one that deserved it ; return'd with his Mother-in-Law that was to be, who seem'd

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seem'd in Raptures at the happy Choice ; and at the limited Time was wedded to her Daughter, to the Joy of all that had the Happiness to know them. It is not two Years ago, since I saw 'em both in their Youth and Bloom, happy in each other's Love. •

Hail wedded Love ! mysterious Law ! true Source
Of human Offspring ! sole Propriety
In Paradise, of all Things common else !
By Thee, adult'rous Lust, was driven from Man
Amongst the Bestial Herds to range : By Thee,
Founded in Reason, Loyal, Just, and Pure,
Relations dear, and all the Charities
Of Father, Son, and Brother first were known !
Perpetual Fountain of domestick Sweets !
Here Love his Golden Shafts employs ; here lights
His constant Lamp, and waves his Purple Wings :
Here reigns, and revels ; not in the bought Smile
Of Harlots, Loveless, Joyless, Unindear'd,
Casual Fruition ; nor in Court Amours,
Mix'd Dance, or wanton Mask, or Midnight Ball,
Or Serenade, which the starv'd Lover sings
To his proud Fair, best quitted with Disdain.

M I L T O N.

In Nuptials blest, each loose Desire we shun ;
Nor Time can end, what Innocence begun,

F I N I S.



History



History the Fourth.



T H E

Virgin WIDOW.



MERCHANT in this opulent City of London, as he was passing by a *Country Waggon*, took Notice of a genteel Girl just stepping out of it, and by the Countenances, with the Behaviour of those that seem'd ready to receive her, did not doubt in the least, but they were *Brothel Rooks* waiting for Prey. They retired into a Room, till a Coach was sent for; as soon as it came, the Bawd and her Companion put the young Girl into it, and drove away. The Merchant imagined he shou'd hear 'em give the Coachman Directions where to drive; but the Bawd whisper'd the *Coachman*, who drove on so fast, that he soon lost Sight of it. The Merchant was very much concern'd; for his Good-nature would have saved the yet innocent Girl from approaching Ruin, by taking her into his Family for a Servant, which he then wanted. Perhaps some of my Readers (if any) may imagine this worthy Merchant had an ill Look upon the Girl's Virtue; no, it was his humane Temper, with a Will to do Good for all Mankind; his Mind was too pure to be corrupted by Vice, and the Prevention of his Design gave him some Uneasiness. But Things of this Kind are so
uncom-

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uncommon, the Truth may be well question'd ; Virtue is but an empty Name, like the Titles of *Aquitain* and *Normandy*, only Figures in our *Coronation*, to fill up the pompous Train. If Virtue was truly tasted, it wou'd be the purest Food the Mind of Man could feed on.

- " Blest Virtue ! whose Almighty Pow'r
 " Does to our fallen Race restore,
 " All that in Paradise we lost, and more :
 " Sure Chart, by which this frail and tott'ring Bark we
 steer,
 " Thro' Life's tempestuous Ocean here,
 " Thro' all the rolling Waves of Fear
 " And dangerous Rocks of black Despair :
 " Safe in thy Conduct, unconcern'd we move,
 " Secure from all the threat'ning Storms that blow,
 " From all th' Attacks of Chance below,
 " And reach the certain Haven of Felicity above :
 " Best Mistress of our Souls ! whose Charms and Beauties
 last,
 " And are by wrinkled Age increas'd,
 " By which all other Glories are defac'd.
 " Grant me, O Virtue ! thy most solid, lasting Joy !
 " Grant me the Pleasures of the Mind,
 " Pleasures, which only in Pursuit of Thee we find ;
 " Which Fortune cannot mar, nor Chance destroy :
 " Grant me but this, how will I triumph in my happy
 State !
 " Above the Changes, and Reverse of Fate,
 " Above her Favours, and her Hate.
 " One Moment, in thy blest Enjoyment is
 " Worth an Eternity of that tumultuous Bliss
 " Which we derive from Sense,
 " Which often cloy, and must resign to Impotence.

THIS noble Merchant (for Virtue is true Nobility) thought every Day lost, wherein some good Action was not perform'd ; and when Time and Weather wou'd permit, generally took a Walk in the Fields, to breathe a purer Air than the Smoak of *London* wou'd allow of. In one of these Afternoon Walks, he heard a poor Fellow in a neighbouring Field cry out for Help ! He flew to his Assistance, and in good Time, for a fierce Mastiff Dog had seized the Man, got him down, and in all Likelihood would in a few Minutes have torn him to Pieces. When our Merchant (whose Name

Name was THOMSON) saw the poor Man's Danger, he drew a Knife out of his Pocket, and while the furious Beast had fast hold of the Fellow's Arm, he plunged his Knife in the Dog's Throat, who died that Instant. The poor Man was bit in several Places in a terrible Manner. Mr. THOMSON led him to a Surgeon's, with Orders to cure him at his own Expence. This unlucky Accident put him upon contriving a Weapon to walk with, lest he might be assaulted in the like Manner, which was a *Bayonet* that drew out of walking Cane. Another Day, near the same Ffield, he saw a Crowd of Boys about a Ditch, pelting a poor, blind, lame Horse to Death. He reprimanded the Boys for their Cruelty, but was answer'd by one of them, that the Owner was gone for a Gun to shoot him, that he might no longer live in Pain, being of no Use. Mr. THOMSON soon perceived the Creature was incapable of farther Service, thro' Blindness, Age, and Decay, plunged his Bayonet down his Throat, who in a Moment expired, and our Merchant continued his Walk; but returning the same Way, the Owner of the Horse had taken out a Warrant against him, forced him before a *Magistrate*, where the honest Man swore he had refused three Pounds that very Morning for his Horse. The good *Magistrate* plainly perceived the Villainy of the *Plaintiff*, and would have persuaded Mr. THOMSON to stand Tryal; but he declined it, telling the Justice, if he should get the better of him, he shou'd be more Money out of Pocket, than the Fellow's present Demand wou'd come to, therefore paid the Villain to get rid of his troublesome Company. When the Affair was ended, and our Merchant had got into the Street, the Fellow came up to him, and whispering in his Ear said, *Now, Sir, I am sufficiently revenged for the Death of my Dog, for I own my Horse was not worth a grey Groat.* Our Merchant was surprized at the Villainy of the Rascal; however, he made him no Reply, but left him with Abhorrence of his Impudence. This Affair had ruffled his Temper, and being thirsty after his Walk, he stepp'd into the first Tavern he saw, and call'd for half a Pint of Wine; but before it came, he found he had enter'd a Bawdy-House, by the Girls frisking in and out, with Smiles upon him. At last the Bawd enter'd with the Wine, and simpering took a Glass, fill'd it and said, *Here, my Dear, to your Health! I know what You come for, but this Forenoon is not for your Purpose; however, You may pick and chuse here, and she that you like will lead You to a proper Place. Here! where are You? Come in, and let the Gentleman view You* (calling to her Ladies.)

Ladies.) Mr. THOMSON at the first Sight of the Bawd, knew her for the Wretch, that carry'd away the Girl from the Waggon, about a Month before; and tho' he was very uneasy at his Situation, yet Curiosity prevail'd upon him to stay a little, to see if the poor, unfortunate Girl would make her Appearance. Four of these Ladies of Sin, one by one, enter'd the Room, but She he watch'd for was not among them. When they were all gone, the Bawd of the Brothel said, *Well, how d'ye like my Goods? there's all Complexions, Black, Brown, Yellow, and Fair-hair'd Ladies. — Come, which are You for? Have You no more,* reply'd Mr. THOMSON, *for to tell You the Truth, I don't admire any of these.* Lord! return'd the Bawd, *You are very hard to please! I have only one more, but truly she pretends to be virtuous, and has refused my best Customers. I have had her a Month, and she won't understand the Good I intend Her. I believe she has not seen the Man she fancies, and yet I'll assure You, I have as handsome Gentlemen frequent my House, as any House of my Profession in Town, thank Heaven. How can You name Heaven,* reply'd Mr. THOMSON, *and follow such a wicked Course of Life? That Heaven, who sees thro' all your dark Deeds! will punish You with everlasting Vengeance! unless You speedily repent. Are You not a Sink of Sin and Diseases? Subject to the Caprice of every Wretch You entertain?* He would have gone on, but the Bawd cry'd out, *What the Devil have we got here! a Priest come to preach me out of my Livelihood. If You were not too young, I should think the meek Minks above were your own Daughter, for SHE pretends to teach Morality too. You are just fit for one another, and if You'll pay me for her Rigging, and other Charges (not above Twenty Pounds) You shall have her with all my Heart, and Thanks into the Bargain. Let me see her,* reply'd Mr. THOMSON) and if she'll agree, she shall not stay another Moment in your House — LUCY, for that was her Name, was call'd for by the Bawd, she came down trembling, and her Eyes swell'd with weeping. There, said the wicked Woman, go in to that Presbyterian Preacher, he'll take Care of your Soul, as well as your Body; but I believe him a canting Whore-master for all that. She enter'd the Room with such Confusion in her Face, that Mr. THOMSON was convinced of her Innocence. Come, said he, sit down by me, I'll do You no Wrong; I am happily come hither, I hope, to preserve your Innocence, and take You out of this Receptacle of Vice, and Hell. — Dear Sir, return'd LUCY, kneeling, don't flatter a poor, young Woman's Misfortunes, I can hardly think You mean what You say; all the Gentlemen I have seen in this wicked Place, had quite other Views; and if You think by taking me hence,

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hence, to draw me into Wickedness, be assured I will sooner die than lose my Virtue, tho' in the utmost Distress, in Want and Misery, I am, and will be honest.

Mr. THOMSON was so well pleased with her virtuous Declaration, that he thought himself happy it was in his Power to save her from impending Danger ; he begg'd she wou'd inform him of her Fortune, and how she came to fall into the wicked Hands of this abandon'd Woman ? —

“ Sir, *said she*, I depend so much upon your Honesty, and “ the Virtue that seems to shine in your Countenance, that “ I will conceal nothing from You. I was born in *Yorkshire*, “ and sprung from Parents not of the meanest Rank. When “ I was born, my Father was possess'd of a plentiful For- “ tune ; but being involved in Law, in a few Years the “ Estate was sunk to a third Part of its former Value. My “ Parents at last, from living in Ease and Splendor, were “ reduced to Indigence, and Perplexities, which occasion'd “ their Deaths, and I fear'd they died with broken Hearts. “ Sometime after they were carry'd to their Graves, I look'd “ into my Circumstances, and found when all their Debts “ were discharged, I was not Mistress of a hundred Pounds. “ This I knew wou'd not last for ever, therefore I form'd a “ Resolution to come for *London*, in Hopes of getting a Place “ in some honest, virtuous Family. At my Arrival, I was “ met by this base Woman, and her Accomplice, who by “ their smooth Words, and fair Promises, was prevail'd upon “ to go with 'em, which I did with Pleasure, thinking my- “ self very fortunate to light of a Place, the Moment I “ came to Town. The first Night I enter'd this wicked “ House, I had a Tutorefs, as they call'd it, chose for me : “ but oh ! Heavens ! it was a Tutorefs for the Fiends ! My “ innocent Virtue is shock'd at the Thoughts of her im- “ pious Doctrine. The abandon'd Woman strove many “ Ways to bring me to Destruction ; but, thro' the Provi- “ dence of Almighty God, I have retain'd my innocent Vir- “ tue.” *And Heaven ever protect it*, reply'd Mr. THOMSON, *I think it my Duty to do all I can to preserve it. — Good Heaven !* said LUCY, *what a Difference there is between your Thoughts, and those Gentlemen, (or rather Wolves, seeking to prey on the In- nocent) that come to this cursed Place.* Mr. THOMSON call'd in the Bawd of this damn'd Brothel, told her he had agreed with LUCY, and would pay her the Sum she demanded for her Cloaths, and other Charges, as she call'd it. *Have You ?* reply'd the Wretch, *I am glad of it, with all my Heart, and never desire to see either of your Faces again, unless,* (said she,

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sneering) *I shou'd meet with such another Piece of damn'd virtuous Goods, like the plaguey demure LUCY; but that, I believe, can never fall out.* LUCY begg'd of Mr. THOMSON she might leave her new Cloaths behind her, that the Bawd had provided for her, which he willingly consented to. LUCY went up and put on the Dress she came to Town in, which added to her Virgin Innocence. When the Bawd had received the Money, a Coach was sent for; in the mean time a Gentleman came in to enquire for LUCY. The Bawd answer'd, *There she is, in that Room! with a damn'd queer Call, that has been endeavouring to preach us all into Virtue, with a Posse to him, and has sent for a Coach to carry her away.* — By the mighty God of Love, but he shan't, reply'd the Spark. Upon this short Speech, he enter'd the Room where they were: *What Business have You with this young Girl,* said Captain HUFF (for indeed he was a Captain) *Good Sir,* cry'd LUCY to Mr. THOMSON, *protect me from this injurious Man, who has treated me with such Discourse unfit for modest Ears to hear.* — *Protect Thee!* cry'd the bold Captain, *Twenty such Scrubs should not protect Thee, and at the same Time drew his Sword.* *I would advise You,* reply'd the Defender of LUCY, *calmly to put up your Sword, and retire; this Maid is now under my Care, therefore be gone.* But the bold Captain only bluster'd on, making a Pass at Mr. THOMSON, tho' I believe with no Intention to hurt him, only to fright him; but virtuous Men are seldom Cowards, tho' Bullies are always so. Mr. THOMSON struck down the Point of his Sword with his Cane, and almost at the same Time, knock'd down our Hero, with a good broken Head, that soon cool'd his Courage: *If You fight no better for your Country, than You have for this young Woman* (said Mr. THOMSON) *his Majesty ought to give your Commission to a Man of more Valour, and less blustering; a worthy Officer, as I hope there are many, ought to protect injured Innocence, not betray it.* By this Time the Bawd came in, who abus'd Mr. THOMSON with all the ill Language she was Mistress of, and truly she was Mistress of a great deal; but he bid her take Care, he had Power and Interest enough to rout her out of that Nest of Sin, and he assur'd her he would do his Endeavour: *And for You, Sir, I know many worthy Officers in the Army, I shall enquire you out, and let some of them know your Virtue and Courage.* This Speech brought them both on their Knees (so mean is Vice) to sue for Pardon. *You wou'd deserve a Pardon, if You wou'd repent of your Sins, both from Heaven and Man,* reply'd Mr. THOMSON, *but while You continue in this Road of Vice, it must lead You to Per-*
dition.

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dition. The Coach being come, he took LUCY by the Hand, and drove from this Seat of Villainy. When he came home, he order'd a Chamber for LUCY, till he could get some creditable Place for her. LUCY perceiving the Virtues of the worthy Merchant, cou'd not avoid having a Regard for such uncommon Qualities, nor he a tender Inclination for her, but the Greatness of his Soul wou'd not let him declare it. When I say Greatness of Soul, I do not mean Pride, or her Poverty or Birth, but he would not let LUCY know his Thoughts, fearing she shou'd imagine that was the Motive of his bringing her home. In a few Days he provided her a Place, where all her Business was to take Care of two Children about five or six Years old, in a rich Family, that paid her well for her Trouble. She pleas'd the Husband and Lady so much, that she was promoted to be chief Servant in the House; all the Affairs went thro' LUCY's Hands. The Master and Lady loved her as well as if she had been their own Child. Mr. THOMSON went oft to see her, and as oft received LUCY's grateful Acknowledgment for his tender Care. Sometime after this, Mr. THOMSON had Notice from *Portugal*, that his Factor there had embezzled his Goods, leaving the Place privately, with his Affairs in such a Condition, that it required his Presence there. His embarking was so speedy, that he had not Time to take Leave of LUCY, or her Master and Lady. His sudden Departure grieved LUCY to the Heart, for she really loved him, but had too much Modesty ever to let him know it. While he was on his Voyage to *Portugal*, her good Lady sicken'd and died: On her Death-bed she call'd her Husband to her, and spoke to him after this Manner. *My Love, we have lived many Years together in the utmost Harmony, I am now going to leave Thee, do not grieve for me, (seeing him weep) thou knowest we are born to die, sooner or later. Think of the dear Pledges I leave behind, and let me intreat You by the continued Love that has past between Us, You will, when I am gone, wed my dear LUCY. I do not know any Woman more worthy to take my Place in your Heart; she loves my Children, and I am assured she will prove a tender Mother. You know her Story, her steadfast Virtue and her prudent Care; stand not on formal Ceremony, but when I am in my Grave, let me be forgotten, or only remember'd in my dear LUCY. I shall think the sooner she can call My Children Hers, the sooner You will be once more happy.* The tender Husband cou'd not answer his dear Wife for Tears, but at last promised, if he ever shou'd think of any other Woman, it shou'd be none but LUCY. After the Funeral Solemnity

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lemnity was over, he made her a Present of all his Lady's Cloaths, with some of her Jewels, leaving every Thing entirely to her Care. The Lady before her Death, had often told *Lucy* she wish'd her Husband no better Wife than she wou'd make him, and even in her Sickness propos'd it to her. But *Lucy*'s Heart was full of Mr. THOMSON's Image; she wish'd for no other Husband but him, tho' her Master had thrice his Riches: A whole Year was gone, but no News of his Return. The Time of Mourning being over, her Master declared his Passion, and his Wife's Intreaty on her Death-bed. He begg'd in Pity of himself, in Regard to his Children, she wou'd receive his Heart, and make him blest by being his Wife. *Lucy* at last consented, and the Time was fixt. The Day of their Nuptials (after the Ceremony was perform'd) the Bridegroom was seized with a sudden Illness, which increasing daily, he was inform'd by his Physicians, there was but little Hope of Life. *Death is now welcome, he reply'd, since I have gain'd so tender a Mother for my innocent Children.* He made his Will, and left *Lucy* whole and sole Executrix, and Mistress of all his Fortune. In a few Days after he had made his Will, he expired, and was bury'd with his Ancestors, leaving the mourning *Lucy* a Virgin Widow.

WE shall now return to Mr. THOMSON, who happily arrived at *Porto* *.

HIS

* *Porto Port. a Port, Portus Cale, Ciudad de Puerto*, by the Natives, is the second City of the Kingdom of PORTUGAL, built upon the Mouth of the River *Douro*, the Residence of a Bishop. Its Harbour is accounted the best of all the Ports in Portugal. It gives Name to the whole Kingdom, before *Lusitania*. It was call'd by the antient Geographers, *Portus Call*, from a Village of that Name, before it swell'd to a large City. The Trade here exceeds even that of *Lisbon*. It is famous for our *Port Wines*, tho' indeed all the red Wines of the Kingdom are call'd *Port*; but this City exports very near as much as all the rest besides. The *Lisbon Wine* is for the most Part white; tho' there is great Quantities of white Port at *Oporto*, as also *Mountain*, which is call'd so from the Vineyards in the Mountains, where no Carriages can go up, but the Wine is brought down in *Borrachios*, or Skins, well sew'd up, and afterwards put in Barrels for Exportation. *England* is accounted to take a full third Part of the Growth of

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HIS Factor there, who was fled, had robb'd him of upwards of three thousand Pounds, which was a very great Loss; however, he settled his Affairs to the best Advantage, and freighted a Vessel for *England*; but in his Return, was taken by a *French* Privateer, and carry'd into *Rockel*, where he remain'd a Prisoner half a Year, with Loss of all his Fortune. A few inhuman Creditors in *England* had seized all his Effects; so when he return'd after his Imprisonment, almost naked, he had no Habitation to go to, his hungry Creditors had devour'd all. He apply'd to some that were his best Friends in his Prosperity, but alas! they knew him not in his adverse Fortune. Friendship's but a Name, 'tis Interest now makes Friends.

- " All seek their Ends, and each wou'd other cheat;
- " Even Priests dissemble Friendship to be Great:
- " They only seem to hate, and seem to love,
- " But Interest is the Point on which they move:
- " Their Friends are Foes, and Foes are Friends again,
- " And in their Turns are Knaves, and honest Men.

OUR poor Merchant was in the utmost Distress, however he wou'd not forget Religion; he went constantly to one Church or other, to offer his Devotions to Heaven; but he was obliged to do that as privately as he cou'd, for Fear of some of his unmerciful Creditors, whose Debts were not quite satisfy'd, shou'd lay hold of him. By Accident, he went to Prayers to the same Church, where *LUCY* was at her Devotion, but he saw her not. She casting her Eyes aside, saw him, and knew him, notwithstanding his mean Habit. Her Eyes were ready to shed Tears at the pitiful Sight; she had heard of his Misfortunes, but knew nothing of his Return to *England*. *LUCY* took an Opportunity to give Orders for a Servant to follow him, find out where he lodged, and bring her Word. The Servant obey'd. And just as he was entering an obscure Street, four Bailiffs laid hold of the poor, unfortunate Merchant, and finding he had no Money to stop their Mouths, hurry'd him away to Newgate. The Servant follow'd till the Bailiffs deliver'd him to the Turnkey, then went to acquaint his Lady. There
the

of the Country Vintage yearly. Indeed, how should it be otherwise, when we out-drink all the Nations in Europe, not excepting Germany, Holland and Denmark, who are all good Topers.

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the poor Gentleman was obliged to lie on the Boards all Night, without a Morsel of Food, or any Thing to cover him. In that dismal Plight he past the Night, with Sighs and Sorrow, begging of Heaven by Death to take him out of this barbarous World. When the Morning dawn'd, he rose from the Ground, and walk'd about a Passage in the Prison, with a broken Heart, which a Fellow Prisoner observing, took Pity of him, and invited him to Breakfast; but alas! he cou'd not eat, without Tears at his hard Fortune; yet the Gentleman comforted him all he cou'd, gave him some Money to pay for a better Lodging at Night, which Mr. THOMSON thank'd him with Tears. I am inform'd the few Hours he was in Prison, he compos'd the following Poem; however, if he did not, we shall place it here; but if the Reader thinks it impertinent, it may be pass'd over.

I.

Locks, Bolts and Bars, may strike upon the Sight,
With Objects terrible to mortal Eyes,
May carry with 'em a Surprise,
But never can a guiltless Man affright.
Bright Innocence disdains
The Force of Threatnings, and the Weight of Chains.
As all the Insolence, and all the Wrongs,
Of wicked, and opprobrious Tongues,
Add to its Energy and Worth,
Raise up those Spirits which the guilty sink,
The more depress'd, the more they think,
And give the noblest Contemplations Birth.

II.

O State of Life! that bring'st a nearer View
Of Happiness, which flies our Search, and Care,
That lets us into Thoughts we never knew,
And shewest us what we've been, and what we are,
What Praise is not thy Due?
Thou art the Mistress, from whose Rules we learn
Whom to suspect, and whom to trust,
Thou only to thy Pupils just,
Mak'st them their Foes, and Friends discern;
While by their Touch-stone try'd
The Strength of Vows and Promises are found,
And counterfeit Pretensions laid aside,
Give Way to sterling Vows, for standard Truth renown'd.

ABOUT

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ABOUT Ten o'Clock in the Morning, a Gentleman came to the Prison to ask for Mr. THOMSON; he was let in by the surly Keepers with, *That's He without a Coat.* Sir, said he, I am sorry for your Misfortune; there's a Purse of a hundred Guineas, send for your Creditor, let him be paid off, and get you Cloaths proper to appear in. At Noon I'll come to you again; in the mean time let me know what Sums you are indebted, and I shall come prepared to set you clear in the World. Pray, Sir, said our surprized Merchant, *is this your own Bounty?* No! reply'd the Gentleman. *May I be so bold to ask whose Humanity I am beholding to?* No! answer'd the Gentleman, and took his abrupt Leave. His surprize quite confounded him. He never once thought on LUCY, who was the only Person could have so much Humanity. However, he sent for Cloaths, and other Necessaries, according to his former Station in Life. The Keepers changed their Note, when Mr. THOMSON appear'd to have Money. — Lord! said one of 'em to his Companion, *why did not You provide a Room for this Gentleman last Night; had I been in the Way, he shou'd have had the best Lodging in the Prison; when I am absent, there's nothing minded.* Come Sir, applying to Mr. THOMSON, *if you please to follow me, I'll shew you as handsome an Apartment, as any Nobleman in the Land may be pleas'd with; you shall have it at your own Terms.* — I thank you, reply'd our Merchant, *but I don't intend to trouble you to Night; keep your Lodgings for better Customers.* The Keepers were not over pleas'd at this Declaration, leaving him with discontented Faces. The Gentleman that brought the Purse in the Morning, came punctually to his Hour, and found the Merchant in a decent Dress, fit to appear in any Company. Well, Sir, said He, have you cast up your Debts, and pointed out the full Sum? Yes, Sir, reply'd Mr. THOMSON, *and the Money I receiv'd from your Good-nature, is more than sufficient to discharge them all. My Creditors have been here, and parted with me very much pleas'd; and some have offer'd large Promises of Friendship, which I despise.* Well, Sir, said the Gentleman, you must go and dine with some Company, where I am invited, and a Friend along with me. Mr. THOMSON owed too much to his seasonable Bounty, to refuse him such a small Request, tho' he wou'd rather have been excus'd, for he told him he was so possess'd with Melancholy, he shou'd prove but ill Company. We'll make you merry, fear not, return'd the Gentleman, and at the same Time led him by the Hand, to a Coach that waited on him. The charming, virtuous LUCY, at the Death of her Husband, had

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had innumerable Lovers, some for her Person, more for her Fortune: She was civil to all, but particular to none. The Day Mr. THOMSON left his Prison, a great Feast was prepared; she sent to all her Admirers, intimating, that was the Day she intended to chuse a Husband, that she might be rid of the rest of her Crowd of Lovers; with this Promise extorted from all, that whoever she wou'd make Choice of, the rest shou'd not murmur, or complain. All the Lovers appear'd, drest out to the best Advantage; each expecting to be the happy Man, like *Candidates for Parliament*, tho' one Vote was to decide the *Controversy*. When Mr. THOMSON and the Gentleman appear'd, the Company were all seated, at a large, long Table, in a spacious Hall, all but Two Places at the lower End, which the Gentleman took the Liberty to seat Mr. THOMSON in one, and took the other himself. Our Merchant saluted the whole Board, when he enter'd the Hall, without looking them in the Face, thro' Modesty, and his indigent Circumstances; for, by the many Coaches at the Gate, he knew these were all Men of Condition, or pass'd for such.

A MOMENT after they were every Man seated, LUCY enter'd the Room, and took Notice of every Gentleman in it, but our Merchant; carelessly brushing her Eyes over him, like the Sun thro' a Cloud: This convinced the rest of the Lovers, he had no Chance in the Election. Mr. THOMSON, poor Gentleman, never once look'd her in the Face, but wish'd from his Heart, he had not made one of the Number. But when LUCY call'd for Dinner, he gave a Start at that well-known Voice, and ventured to look up. He soon knew her to be that same LUCY, whose Image he bore in his Heart thro' all his Prosperity and Adversity.

SHE address'd her Discourse to all the other Lovers, but not one Word, or Look towards him. What were his Thoughts at that Time? — He call'd her in his Mind, cruel and ungrateful! true Woman, and a thousand Characteristicks due to the worst of her Sex; resolving to forget her, if possible, and (once from her Sight) never to see her more. Before Dinner was served, she look'd wistfully upon him, and at the same Time speaking to the Gentleman that conducted him there: *How now! who have You brought us here! I am surprized you wou'd bring a Stranger to my Table, when you knew this Dinner was provided for Friends and Acquaintance only.* — Madam, reply'd the Gentleman, *I am sorry I have offended your Ladyship; it is a new Friend of mine, whose Misfortunes have made me treat with Compassion; and if You*
knew

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knew his Merit and Virtue, You wou'd pity his Condition as much as Myself. — This Day and Place (return'd Lady LUCY, for now she was no less) was intended for Mirth and Joy; I am concern'd 'tis mix'd with Poverty and Distress. At this Speech, poor Mr. THOMSON was confounded with Shame, and Anger, rising at the same Time, to retreat and leave this uncompassionate Woman for ever; saying to himself, *If Riches can alter the Mind, Fortune's Gifts are ill bestow'd.* The Lady seeing him rise, cry'd out to the Gentleman, Nay, nay, the poor Man may stay and dine; in all Probability, he may want a Dinner. Ay, reply'd one of the Lovers, he looks indeed as if he did. I thought, said another, he was some poor Parson, that came to say Grace to secure a good Meal. If he dines here, said another, your Ladyship's Butler shou'd have him search'd before he goes; who knows but he may pocket a Piece of Plate. — Mr. THOMSON's Blood boil'd in his Veins, at this last Speech, and the Tears trickled down his Cheeks with Anger. *Thou abusive Man!* said He, were thy Soul as free from the Stains of Baseness, as his whom thou dar'st to wrong thus, thou wou'd'st blush at this unworthy Treatment. Thy Habit speaks thee Gentleman, but thy Mind has a base, Plebeian Stamp. I'd sooner feed on the Prisoners Basket, or Offals from an honest Table, than taste a Morfel with such as Thee; and if I had thee in a proper Place, I wou'd scourge thee into better Manners; but even Chastisement wou'd discredit me, for such Wretches as Thou art, are always Cowards. Poor LUCY's Heart dropt Blood to see his Agony, and cou'd carry the Jest no farther. Come, come, said she, we will have no more of this; now I see the Gentleman's Spirit, I think he deserves a Welcome. You know we met upon another Occasion. This Day I was to make Choice of a Husband: You all know upon what Conditions; let us have clear Brows and smiling Countenances. But that Gentleman (meaning Mr. THOMSON) I see, has too much ruffled his Temper; therefore I beg you (speaking to the Gentleman that brought him thither) will take him into another Apartment a Moment. Come, now I think on't, I'll shew you the Way. After this Speech, she went out, follow'd by the Gentleman, and Mr. THOMSON; but with a great deal of Reluctance.

WHEN these Three enter'd the other Room, Lady LUCY desired they wou'd be seated; that done, she look'd upon Mr. THOMSON with Tears in her lovely Eyes: "Dear Sir, said she, can you forgive my harsh Treatment; "but this Gentleman can witness for me, it was only intended to surprize you; and you will be convinced your-

M 2

" Money,

“ Money, and made this Entertainment only upon your
 “ Account. This Day I have fix’d to chuse an Husband ;
 “ I have ever loved you, from the first Moment you took
 “ me from that abandon’d, wicked Woman ; but my Mo-
 “ desty prevented the declaring of my Passion ; I thought
 “ my Flame presumptuous in your Prosperity, but since kind
 “ Fortune has smiled upon me thro’ your Means, the Estate
 “ which I possess will be no Blessing to me, unless you
 “ will be pleased to share it with me. The Lovers, who
 “ are all big with Expectation in the Hall, I utterly des-
 “ pise, and have kept my Heart for you. If you think it
 “ worthy of your Acceptance, a Priest attends in the next
 “ Room, by my Appointment ; he shall join our Hands, and
 “ I shall think this Day the happiest of my Life” Here
 Lady LUCY stopt, casting her modest Eyes upon the
 Ground, in Expectation of his Answer. — “ O my dear
 “ LUCY ! am I awake, or this a pleasing Vision ? *reply’d*
 “ *the transported Lover.* Can there be such Happiness in
 “ Store for a Wretch, who had abandon’d even Hope ?
 “ To declare my Passion was as early as yours, wou’d look
 “ now like an Imposition on your Goodness ; but may
 “ Heaven forsake me in my latest Hour, if any Woman but
 “ thyself cou’d make me happy.” O *transporting Joy !* re-
 ply’d Lady LUCY ; *by this Kiss we seal our Hearts.* The
 Priest was call’d in, and the Marriage Ceremony perform’d
 in the Presence of the Gentlemen

AFTER they were united, Lady LUCY desired he
 wou’d not appear till she sent for him, which shou’d not be
 long. When she came into the Hall, she order’d a Ser-
 vant to bring another Chair, and place it on the right
 Hand of Her’s, at the Head of the Table. “ This Chair,
 “ *said Lady LUCY,* is placed here for the Person who is
 “ to be my Husband, which is already determin’d ; (here
 “ all the Lovers, full of expecting Hope, rose up at once)
 “ but I think there is One wanting : Here, *said She,* call
 “ in the Gentleman who brought the Stranger here.” —
 This was their Cue. He enter’d, follow’d by the happy
 Bridegroom and the Parson. “ Come, Sir, *said She,* taking
 “ *her Husband by the Hand,* You are Master of Me, and
 “ all that’s mine ; take your Place at your own Table, and
 “ be merry with your Guests.” The Herd of disappointed
 Lovers were struck with Amazement ; but she brought ’em
 out of it, by declaring the Obligations she had to him.
 They all seem’d pleased at last, even the Spark who had
 been so free with the Bridegroom, who begg’d his Pardon,
 de-

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claring what he said was only to join with the rest, and endeavour to please the Lady. Thus, after all the Storms of Fortune, the happy Couple live compleatly blest.

All of a Tenour, was their after Life :
No Day discolour'd with domestick Strife :
No Jealousie, but mutual Truth believ'd,
Secure Repose, and Kindness undeceiv'd.

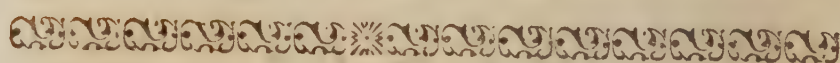
F I N I S.



History



History the Fifth.



ADRASTUS and OLINDA ; O R, LOVE's Champion.

N the City of *Paris*, lived a Nobleman, very much respected for his illustrious Qualities, and shining Virtues, who in his Youth had acquired the Reputation of a valiant Soldier, having often shed his Blood in Defence of his King and Country, justly crown'd with victorious Laurel ; but now the Toils of War being ended, he lived happy in a glorious Peace ; and to compleat that Happiness, his only darling Daughter grew up in Beauty and Virtue. This lovely *Olinda*, at the Age of Thirteen, was courted by many, and admired by all. Among the rest of the Train of Lovers, young ADRASTUS, of noble Birth, but narrow Fortune, drank deep the Draughts of CUPID, but sigh'd in Secret, well knowing the Difference of Fortunes wou'd not allow his publick Addresses, tho' none in the whole Kingdom of FRANCE had a better Pretence for Love ; he was gracefully tall, and the famous *Praxitelles*, that ancient Staturist, cou'd not have form'd a Figure finer proportion'd.

“ Such Beauty, as great Strength thinks no Disgrace,
“ Smil'd in the manly Features of his Face.

His

" His large black Eyes, fill'd with a sprightly Light,
 " Shot forth such lively, and illustrious Night
 " As the Sun Beams on Jet reflecting shew :
 " His Hair, as black, in long curl'd Waves did flow,
 " His tall, strait Body, amidst Thousands stood
 " Like some fair Pine, the lofliest of the Wood.

THE Harmony of his Mind equall'd the Proportion of his Body. OLINDA's Heart felt the virtuous Pangs of Love, and knew by the Sighs and down-cast Eyes of ADRASTUS, her Image was seated in his Heart ; but Duty forbad her encouraging *his* Passion, or her *own* ; she wou'd often weep in Secret, to think Destiny, cruel Destiny, intended her for one of superior Fortune. Two Years pass'd away, both sighing for each other, and both silent in their Sorrows ; yet by Circumstances, the *Count* her Father, ever watchful over his Daughter, found out they were not indifferent to each other, the Knowledge of which gave him great Uneasiness : However, he thought Separation might either cure their Passions, or at least prevent their seeing each other. He therefore procured him a Command in the Army, which might satisfy his Ambition, tho' it murder'd his Love. This was a cruel Gift to the amorous ADRASTUS, yet his Honour wou'd not allow him to refuse it. The lovely OLINDA was inconsolable when she heard of his Preferment ; but her Sorrows were conceal'd from all Eyes, but that of Heaven ; she sigh'd and wept in private, but in Sight of her Father, forced on a serene Countenance, while Grief was preying on her tender Soul. In the mean time, ADRASTUS was preparing for his Journey to the Camp, with a Heart all over wounded already.

HE took a Resolution of discovering his Passion by Letter ; but the Fear of disobliging the fair OLINDA, put him into the utmost Agonies : Yet at last, after beginning a hundred Times, he ended the following Epistle.

Divine OLINDA !

" IF I had longer the Liberty to look on those illustrious
 " Eyes, I shou'd have continued my Adoration in Silence ; but since Fortune forces me from all I wish on
 " Earth, my immaculate Love, I must declare my Passion !
 " I have no Hope, I am all Despair ; and if I do not meet
 " Death, which I shall seek in all its Paths, *Prometheus* Vulture, or *Ixion's* Wheel, cannot be compared to those Torments I endure ! If I shou'd fall in Battle, my Soul wou'd
 " rest

88 ADRASTUS *and* OLINDA ; or,

“ rest quiet in my Grave, if you wou’d give one Sigh in
 “ Pity to my Death, and waft my Soul to Heaven. If un-
 “ kind Fortune had rais’d me to a Throne, I shou’d look on
 “ no other Object, but the adorable OLINDA. I trem-
 “ ble while I write that lovely Name ; but as the Grave is
 “ my only Asylum now, I am compell’d by the Strength
 “ of my Passion to disclose my secret Love, that has tor-
 “ tured my Heart, since the first Moment I beheld those
 “ piercing Eyes ; and to inform You, the greatest Bliss I
 “ hope on this Side Heaven, will be to die,

Yours,

ADRASTUS.

When ADRASTUS had finish’d this Epistle, he was at a Loss how he should convey it to the divine OLINDA. He had no Friend to trust with such an important Secret ; and, to send it by a common Messenger, it might fall into the Hands of the Count her Father. While he was in the utmost Perplexity, a Servant of the Count’s enquired for him, with a Message from his Master, which was to acquaint him, the King had order’d him to attend that Evening at the *Louvre* to receive his Instructions, and that the Count was already gone to Court to introduce him. *I heard my Lord declare, added the Servant, that You were to set out to Morrow Morning for the Camp. I wish, Sir, you wanted an Attendant, I shou’d be proud to do you Service. - I waited on the Count the last two Campaigns he made, and since that, I have served the Lady OLINDA ; and tho’ she is the best Mistress in the World, I love a more active Life. The Message was deliver’d to one of the Count’s Servants, which I begg’d to be charg’d with, in Hopes your Goodness wou’d employ me, and none shou’d serve you more faithfully. The Name of OLINDA made the Heart of ADRASTUS tremble ; yet he thought this a favourable Opportunity of conveying the Letter to her fair Hands. He ask’d the Servant several Questions, and found him to be a very intelligent Fellow : I don’t directly want a Servant, continued ADRASTUS, but if your Lady wou’d willingly part with You, I shall find you Employment. Sir, reply’d the Servant, my Lady’s Good-nature is equal to her Beauty ; therefore I am well assured of her Consent. However, return’d ADRASTUS, it will not be proper for me to receive You into my Service, without acquainting your Mistress ; therefore, if you will wait a-while, I’ll do myself the Honour to write to Her concerning You ; but I must beg you to give it into her Hands unseen by any one, and return to me with all the Expedition you can. The trembling ADRASTUS had not seal’d his Letter, therefore*
 added

added the following Lines. *The Bearer of this is one of your Attendants (ignorant of what he carries) that is willing to serve me; if you give your Consent, it will be some Pleasure to see a Person that had the Happiness once to be commanded by You.* The Servant flew with the Letter, leaving ADRASTUS in the utmost Agonies of Doubt, and Despair, without forming the least Ray of Hope. When the Servant return'd to the Count's Pallace, he found the beautiful OLINDA in a Summer-House of the Garden, alone, and pensive, her Hand supporting her Head, and her Eyes fixt upon the running Fountain. He stood some Time at an obsequious Distance, as thinking it improper to disturb her Contemplations; but she lifting her Eyes to Heaven, with a Sigh, took Notice of him, who holding the Letter in his Hand, approach'd her. She received it with some Emotion; but when she discover'd the Name of ADRASTUS, she had just Power enough to bid him retire, and wait for an Answer, fearing he shou'd perceive the Confusion in her Countenance. When she had read it, her severe Virtue struggled with her Love some Moments (tho' the Declaration of his Passion, gave her a gloomic Contentment, she had never felt before) but Pity and Love subsided in her Heart, join'd by Virtue. But before she set herself down to write, she call'd the Servant back, and by Questions and Answers, understood he was ignorant of what was contain'd in the Letter, any more than what concern'd himself. When she had ended her Interrogatories, she told the Servant, since he was resolved to leave her, he cou'd not have chose a more deserving Master; therefore she wou'd write ADRASTUS a Line of Recommendation. The Servant thank'd his Lady, and retired.

OLIMPIA's Perplexities were full as many and as grievous as were those of ADRASTUS. Her Heart was willing, but her Hand was almost incapable to hold the Pen that was to express her Thoughts; she drew a Veil over them, tho' easily discover'd by an inquisitive, prying Lover.

ADRASTUS,

I Understand I have two Servants that are going to leave me; I am very unwilling to part with one, tho' I shall not declare which it is; if You cannot distinguish, live in Ignorance: however, be kind to the Bearer of this Letter for my Sake. If my Servant does as well as I wish him, he will return with Health and Conquest, free from Wounds, without he bears any about him to the Field; and such, I own I am barbarous enough not to wish them cured. I had rather rejoice with the Living, than weep over the Dead. May my Sword

90 *ADRASTUS and OLINDA ; or,*

or Bullet ever wound him ; may Fortune ever be his Friend ; may Time grant him all his Wishes that are virtuous. I am assured the Woman he loves will be ever just ; and, without Infringement of the Laws of Duty, wou'd be His. But alas ! I am entering into Secrets that does not become me to disclose. The parting with my Servant gives me Terrors unspeakable, and Tears will flow, when I think I may never behold him more ; which, if the foreboding of my Heart proves true, it will be the last Day of Happiness to the luckless

OLINDA.

When *ADRASTUS* had received this Letter from the fair *OLINDA*, he was transported beyond Reason ; he cou'd not avoid embracing his new Servant, in his first Rush of Joy that bore down his Guard, and had almost discover'd the Secrets of his Heart. But the Thoughts of parting, perhaps for ever, soon stopp'd the Torrent of his Blis. What wou'd he have given for one tender Interview ? But that cou'd not be. The Time drew near for his Attendance on the King, which must not be neglected ; yet he wou'd steal some Moments to open his full Heart, and pour out his Soul to the Angel of his Vows. The Servant was returning to the Count's Palace to prepare for the Journey in the Morning ; therefore *ADRASTUS* bid him give the following Letter to his Lady, which (as he said for an Excuse) was to return Thanks for the Prospect of so good a Servant.

Dearest Lady,

A Criminal at the Place of Execution, cou'd not receive a Pardon with half the Joy I felt when I read those blisful Lines your superlative Goodness sent me by my new Servant. No Words can expresse what my Heart feels for You ! When my Thoughts wander from You to any other Face, may Heaven cut me off in the Day of Battle, may Want and the utmost Misery surround me, and let me linger out an Age of Torments. Inspired by You, my Sword will be opposed in vain, no Bullet will e'er deface your sacred Image in my Heart ; Conquest is mine already. O that I may triumph in your Love. O Blis supreme ! Alas ! to Morrow's Dawn must rob my Eyes of its dearest Object, but your Idea will fill my Mind. Waking I shall think, and sleeping dream of You. My Soul longs for Battle.

Your Name shall draw my Sword, and strike the Blow,
And pour avenging Fury on the Foe :

ADRASTUS fir'd by bright *OLINDA*'s Charms,
Shall slight the Force of all the World in Arms.

W H E N

WHEN he had given this Letter to the Servant, he waited on the King, where he found the Count. His Majesty gave him his Orders, blest'd him, and wish'd him Success. It is not known whether the Count suspected any thing or not, that pass'd between ADRASTUS and OLINDA, but he never parted with him till he saw him mounted for his Journey. He saw with Surprise, his Daughter's Servant attending on ADRASTUS; but the Servant told him, he hoped he shou'd not incur his Anger, to leave the Service of a Lady to turn Soldier again, since it was himself that brought him to love a Camp before a City. *Have you your Lady's Leave?* return'd the Count. *Yes,* reply'd the Servant, *my Master sent her a Letter to ask her Consent, and she readily granted it.* The Count return'd no other Answer, but seem'd to ruminate upon what he said. This Discourse was not heard by ADRASTUS; he was too busy in taking Leave of his Friends and Acquaintance: That Formality being ended, he set forward, attended by many, and the good Wishes of all that saw him. His fine proportion'd Stature, and the excellent Management of his Horse, drew the admiring Eyes of all the Inhabitants in those Streets where he pass'd. We will now leave him on his Journey to the Camp, and return to the mourning OLINDA. She pass'd the Night in extream Sorrow, not once closing her weeping Eyes, wishing the Day might never dawn, that was to carry her loved ADRASTUS from her Sight, whom she fear'd might never see her more.

HER Father return'd after parting with our young Hero, when asking for his Daughter, was inform'd by her Woman she had rested ill, and had just fallen into a Slumber. The Count from these Circumstances, form'd a Judgment that ADRASTUS was not indifferent to his Daughter, which gave him infinite Pain. When she was dress'd, he went to her Apartment, and soon perceived by her Eyes, that Tears had been plentifully shed. He enquired into the Cause, but was answer'd by his Daughter, a raging Pain in her Face had persecuted her all Night, and prevented her Rest. The Count did not want for Good-nature; therefore seem'd to be concern'd for her Pain, tho' he was well convinced it did not proceed from that Cause. ADRASTUS, had he a Fortune equal to his Birth, wou'd have been the first Man he wou'd have chosen for his Daughter; but alas! the Avarice of Parents too often create their Childrens Unhappiness.

While ADRASTUS was gathering Laurels in Battle, there arrived at *Paris* a young Count of the *Roman Empire*, to negotiate an Affair between the *Emperor of GERMANY*,

92 *ADRASEUS and OLINDA ; or,*

and the *King of FRANCE*. This Nobleman no sooner saw the beautiful *OLINDA*, but he loved, and prevail'd upon the Father to encourage his Addressee. This young Count's Name was *MELINTHUS*, Son to the *Elector of BAVARIA*; his Person was agreeable every Way, join'd to Sense and Understanding, that made him beloved by all that saw him; a formidable Rival for the absent *ADRASTUS*: But alas! *OLINDA* had no Room in her Heart to entertain another Guest. *MELINTHUS* was assiduous in his Courtship, without one favourable Look from the distress'd Lady; but her Father was obstinate, and gave strict Command to open her Heart that she might receive him for her destined Husband. The poor Lady, ever obedient to her Parent, at last begg'd the Marriage might be deferr'd three Months; that Time, she hoped, Death wou'd put an End to all her Sorrows. The old Count was grieved to see his Daughter's Melancholly; and as he knew the Cause, used a Stratagem to remove it if possible. He procured a printed Paper, by his own directing, which brought an Account of a Battle, where *ADRASTUS* was slain. This Paper one Day, he was reading among others in his Daughter's Apartment; and when he came to that Part of it relating to this false News, he cry'd, *Poor ADRASTUS, thy Valour deserved a better Fate*. Then threw down the Papers, and went out of her Chamber. The sighing *OLINDA* was struck speechless at the Name of *ADRASTUS*; and it was some Time before she had Power to look upon the Papers. At last she found the dreadful Paragraph, which run thus: "We have gain'd a Victory, 'tis true, and are Masters of the Field, but with great Loss, three Hundred and ninety Officers, and seventeen Thousand common Soldiers. But the brave *ADRASTUS* is much lamented, who made a Rampart of dead Bodies round him before he fell. The Governor of *Triers*'s Daughter is inconsolable, for their Marriage was fixt to be solemnized the Day after the Battle; but she is raising an everlasting Monument to his Valour, which is to be erected in the *Cathedral* of that City.

WHAT her Thoughts were at the reading of this false Piece of News, cannot be guess'd at; for it may be properly said, she was so confused in Thought, she cou'd not think at all, till Tears had forced a Passage thro' her Eyes, and water'd her beautiful Cheeks. When she had gain'd the Use of her Tongue (for Grief had some Time choak'd the Passage of her Utterance) she wou'd cry, *And art Thou gone, ADRASTUS, thou dear One, whom my Soul cou'd only love?*
But

But then again she wou'd say, *Why do I give Thee such Epithets? Traytor! thou deservedst thy Death for being false; to credulous Wretch, why didst thou believe him?* To be short, the Agonies of her Mind threw her into a burning Fever, and it was a full Month before she cou'd get the better of her Distemper: Her Father was so much concern'd at her Illness, that he almost repented his Device. However, her Health began to be restored, and the lively Rose appear'd once more in her Cheeks; but it was more the Thoughts of her Lover's Perfidy, than the Help of her Physicians: They may cure the Body, but not the Mind. She began by Degrees, to listen to her Father's Intreaties, with her Lover's Vows; and at the Time appointed, the Marriage Ceremony was perform'd with the utmost Magnificence, when MELINTHUS received her Hand, but her Heart was not intirely return'd. Her Father had some Terrors of Mind, when he knew his Daughter one Day wou'd know ADRASTUS was living; yet he did not doubt but Time, and her virtuous Principles, wou'd make her forget her Passion for him. A Month after, the Count her Husband carry'd her into *Bavaria*, where her Mind seem'd more at Ease, and she began truely to love her Lord, who had those amiable Qualities, form'd to create that tender Passion.

WHEN the Campaign was ended, ADRASTUS return'd to *Paris*, thro' the Acclamations of the People, crown'd with Victory; but that gave him but little Joy; all his Hopes were in the Sight of his dear OLINDA. Alas! unhappy Man, what hast thou to suffer? The fatal News was soon brought to his Ear; he stood like one struck with a Thunderbolt from Heaven! And when he gain'd the Use of Speech, he cry'd, *Good Heaven! it cannot be; OLINDA never can prove false; such a fair Form can ne'er contain so foul a Heart.* But when a few Hours convinced him of the Truth, he was all Madness, Rage, Despair; and had not his faithful Servant prevented him, he had that Moment put an End to his Misery, with his Life. It was several Weeks before he cou'd think with any Calmness of Temper. He at last came to the Resolution of leaving *France*, and seek for Death from the *Turkish* Arms, who were warring against the *Hungarians*. He selected a Troop of Horse out of his Battalion, and with them privately took the Rout for *Vienna*. On his Travels, he came to the City of *Monachium*, the Capitol City of *Bavaria*. The Count MELINTHUS then resided there with the lovely OLINDA, tho' unknown to ADRASTUS, who never once enquired who his supposed false Mistress had wedded.

94 *ADRASTUS and OLINDA ; or,*

wedded. The Count hearing *ADRASYUS* was in the City with a Troop of Horse, sent a Gentleman to invite him to his Pallace ; for Fame had spread his Victories every where.

ADRASTUS, tho' overwhelm'd with Melancholy, knew how to receive Civilities, therefore paid his Compliments, and promised to wait on him the next Day ; but cou'd not have the Honour to stay with him, being obliged to pursue his Journey. In the Morning the whole Troop mounted, with *ADRASTUS* at the Head of them. The Count had Notice of their March by their Trumpets ; which, as soon as he heard, he call'd to his Lady and told her, if she had any Curiosity to see the bravest Cavalier in the World, she might satisfy it, by looking out of the Window. *OLIMPIA*'s Curiosity was not over great ; however, she appear'd at the Window, as the Troop enter'd the outer Court of the Palace. Their gallant Appearance drew the whole City after them ; but more to look upon their Commander, whose noble Figure struck 'em with Admiration. At the Entrance of the second Court, *ADRASTUS* alighted from his Horse, who was proud of his Burthen, and came towards the Count, who was coming forward to receive him. But good Heavens ! when *OLINDA* saw and knew him to be *ADRASTUS*, she fell down in a Swoon among her Women, and did not come to herself till *ADRASTUS* and the Count parted, who cou'd not prevail upon him to take Repast. When the Count heard of *OLINDA*'s sudden Indisposition, he was very much concern'd, as ignorant of the Cause (for none knew of their Loves, but the Father and the unhappy Pair, neither had the Father ever disclosed his Thoughts, even to *OLINDA*.) It was three Days before the Lady cou'd recover her Surprize. But when she cou'd speak upon the Subject without betraying her Weakness, she enquired of the Count, if the Publick had not been inform'd of *ADRASTUS*'s Death ? *ADRASTUS*'s Death ! reply'd the Count, No ; *I have traced him in all his Victories, and know almost every Day's Action, to his Arrival at Paris at the End of the Campaign ; and but the Day before his Arrival here, had an Account that he had left Paris upon some Disgust, but it is all Conjecture, tho' my Intelligence says, it was the Love of some fair Lady, tho' no one can imagine who that Lady is ; if it be so, she must be so blame, for sure never any Person cou'd deserve the good Graces of the Fair, more than the amiable ADRASTUS, by all Accounts of him, before I saw him ; but now I have seen him, and conversed with him, I think if the Lady he loves were one of the Princesses of the Blood, she need not blush to love Him in Return.*

THIS

THIS Discourse of MELINTHUS, convinced OLINDA of her Father's Treachery; for she cou'd not term it less in her own Mind, tho' she compos'd her Features, that the Count cou'd not find out the Pangs of her Soul. But we will leave her to her various Thoughts, and follow ADRASTUS. He had not march'd half a League, e'er the Clouds burst o'er their Heads, and a Torrent of Rain pour'd upon them. While his Servant was putting on his Master's Cloak, he ask'd him, if he had not observed the fair OLINDA look out of the Window of the Pallace, when he was paying his Compliments to Count MELINTHUS; but as soon as she perceived it was You, she retired. OLINDA, reply'd ADRASTUS, with some Heat, *What OLINDA? Why OLINDA, Sir, my former Mistress, whom I left to serve you, the Wife to Count MELINTHUS. Ungrateful Woman!* reply'd ADRASTUS, *after she had ruin'd all my Peace, Guilt wou'd not let her look upon the Man made miserable by her Inconstancy.* The Servant was surprized at this Speech of his Master's; but had Sense enough to find out the Reason of his Melancholly, which he was ignorant of before. ADRASTUS blush'd at this Discovery of his Passion, but knowing the Fidelity of his Servant, he related the whole Course of his Love; and it seem'd to ease his Heart, that he had some Person to hear his Complaints. When he arrived at Vienna, the Emperor received him with all the Marks of Honour, wou'd have given him the Command of a Battallion, but he respectfully refused it. He staid a few Days in that City to refresh his Troop, then march'd with the Army into Hungary. He was in every Rencounter, seeking Death from the Swords of the Enemy, but in vain; he conquer'd whenever he fought, and gain'd a Reputation equal to a romantic Hero. The two Armies had not yet come to a general Battle; both of 'em waiting for Reinforcements, which came in daily. Count MELINTHUS, among the rest, arrived with three thousand brave *Bavarians*. His first Enquiry was for ADRASTUS, whom he offer'd his Friendship in such a sincere Manner, that gain'd the disconsolate Lover's Esteem. He cou'd not blame MELINTHUS; the Count was a Stranger to his Passion, he only envy'd him the Enjoyment of OLINDA.

THE Armies on both Sides having their full Compliment, prepared for Battle on the Plains of Buda. ADRASTUS at the first Onset, kill'd the *Aga* of the *Janizaries*, and put Numbers of them to flight: He saved the Life of MELINTHUS, who was surrounded by the Enemy, and had received

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ceived several Wounds ; he dispersed them, remounted him on another Horse, his own being shot dead under him ; and in fine, he was allow'd to be the chief Instrument in gaining a compleat Victory. The Praises he received from the General Officers had no Effect upon him ; he grieved that he had not met with Death, for which he sought, to end his Life and Misfortunes. After the Victory, the Army march'd back to *Vienna*, where we will leave them, and return to OLINDA. When MELINTHUS march'd to the Army, he left his beloved Lady to the Care of *Arveragus*, a near Relation to the Count. This impious Cousin fell violently in Love with his Charge, and had the Insolence to declare his Passion ; but the virtuous OLINDA inform'd him, if he ever presumed to open his Lips on that Subject more, her Lord shou'd be acquainted with it. This turn'd the Villain's Love (tho' it does not deserve that Title) into Hate ; and his black Soul vow'd Revenge, which he accomplish'd in the following Manner. There was a young Gentleman in the Family, which this Monster observed to sigh often, and look on OLINDA with Eyes that seem'd to say, *I love*. *Arveragus* soon insinuated himself into his very Thoughts, and brought him to confess he loved, but would not declare who was the Object of that Passion. No, said the Youth, *I am resolv'd to die, for I have no Hopes !* — *Hopes*, reply'd *Arveragus*, *a Man of your Youth, and Form, might conquer a Vestal. I have such an Esteem for You, if I knew the Lady, I wou'd try every Method to bring you together ; You may command my Fortune ; I must have you resolve me ; I wou'd serve you with the Hazard of my Life.* The Youth thank'd him, but all his Promises cou'd not extort the Secret from him. *Arveragus* thought of another Method. He was good at counterfeiting Hands ; he therefore wrote the following Letter, and placed it where he might certainly meet with it ; and even OLINDA herself wou'd have taken it for her own writing.

S I R,

“ I Have observed by your Eyes, that Love is in your
 “ Soul ; if I am the Person you sigh for, as my Heart
 “ wishes I am, write me an Answer, and place it in the
 “ Laurel Tree next the Fountain, on the left Hand, as you
 “ go into the Garden, but write no Direction, for Fear of
 “ Accidents. The Husband that leaves the Arms of a young
 “ Wife to gain Honour, shou'd be exalted at home. If I am
 “ assured your Sighs are sent to me, I will contrive in a few
 “ Days to see you in a Place where you may declare with
 “ your

“ your Tongue, what you speak with your Eyes. Burn this
 “ Letter ; be secret in your Love ; and preserve the Reputa-
 “ tion of your

OLINDA.

THE poor, deluded Youth was taken in the Snare that was laid for him ; and, fill'd with the transported Thoughts, wrote the following Answer.

“ THE Joy my Soul is fill'd with is too transporting to
 “ be express'd by Words ; but if you command me
 “ to rush into Flames, or stem the Mountain Billows in the
 “ fiercest Storms, I'll do it with Joy, to shew you that my
 “ Body, Heart and Soul are yours intirely.

THIS Letter was placed according to Direction, with the utmost Caution, and as cautiously taken away by the Villain *Arveragus*, with the following Answer put in the same Place where he found the first.

“ I Received your dear Lines, and my Thoughts are on
 “ the Wing how to reward your Love ; and now I have
 “ found it. — Steal unseen into the Closet of my Apart-
 “ ment, bolt the Door on the Inside, and when I am in
 “ Bed, you may find your Way in the Dark. It shall be my
 “ Care, when you are weary of your Prison, to give you
 “ Liberty unseen ; there you may tell me how much you
 “ love me, without the Trouble of writing again. Burn
 “ this, as I hope you did the last.

THE fatal Night approach'd, and the deluded Youth stole into the Closet unseen by any. The virtuous OLINDA at her usual Time, retired to Rest, dismissing her Maids. When she was laid in her chaste Bed, the fond Youth undress'd, was opening the Closet Door, the Moment the other Door was forced by the perfidious *Arveragus*. This designing Villain had inform'd several of the Servants, that their Lady had criminal Conversation with young *Otho*, for that was the Name of this unfortunate Youth. The Servants loving their Lady, wou'd not believe it, till they saw him naked in the Room. But to prevent *Otho's* clearing up the Affair, *Arveragus* plunged a Poniard in his Heart, and he expired without uttering a Word. No, Villain ! cry'd the Wretch, *Thou shalt no more contaminate the Bed of the noble* MELINTUS. The chaste Lady's Surprize took away the

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Power

98 *ADRASTUS and OLINDA ; or,*

Power of Speech. It was in vain to plead her Innocence the very Servants now recollected Circumstances which found her guilty. She, poor Lady, had no Recourse but Prayers and Tears. The next Morning the perfidious *Arveragus* sent an Account to *MELINTHUS* of this inhuman Affair; and, to corroborate the Circumstances, inclosed *OLINDA*'s supposed Letters, which were found in *Otho*'s Cabinet. The mistaken Youth thought, no doubt, they were too dear to him to part with.

WHEN the Messenger brought this fatal Packet to *MELINTHUS*, he was ill of the Wounds he received in the late Battle; the Proofs were too plain to make the least Doubt of the Truth, and *Arveragus* was ready to prove in Fight (as then the Custom was) the Verity of it. Rage, Indignation, Love and Shame fought in the Breast of the noble *MELINTHUS*, but in a Moment Love was thrust out of his Heart. He had just Strength enough to write to *Arveragus*, to have the Rigour of the Laws inflicted on the chaste *OLINDA*; which were, first to be confined to a Nunnery a whole Year, and after that Time expired, if no Champion appear'd in her Defence, to be led to a Stake, and burnt to Death. If any Person undertook the Cause, and overcome her Accuser (which for Ages had not been) then she was to retire in the same Nunnery, and end her Days in Penitence and Prayer, cloath'd with Hair Cloth, and no other Food but Bread and Water (sad alternative!) The Messenger return'd, and brought the welcome News to that Wretch *Arveragus*, her Accuser. He was valiant, but had no Fear of any Opposer. The poor Lady was sent to the Nunnery, where her pious Prayers, and Vows of Innocency, prevail'd on the Abbess to think she was wrongfully accused. Count *MELINTHUS* languish'd with his Wounds a Month after he had received this fatal News, and then expired, lamented by the whole Court of *Vienna*. *ADRASTUS* was at the Siege of *Gran*, adding every Day a Leaf to compose new Laurels, 'till a Peace was concluded between the *Germans* and *Turks*; still carrying the Image of *OLINDA* in his torn Heart, little suspecting what had befallen the injured Lady.

THE Year was almost expired, and no Champion appear'd in her Defence, nor indeed no one expected. The chaste *OLINDA* had prepared for Death with that Serenity of Mind, that convinced every Body, if she was not innocent, she had wash'd away her Guilt with repenting Tears. The fatal Day appear'd, the last of her virtuous Life, for no Champion had declared to defend her, which was usual to be done Twelve Days before the last of the Year. In
the

the Centre of the City was a spacious Square, the usual Place of such Executions. For Form Sake, the Barriers were erected, the Lifts mark'd out, the Tent with the Accuser in it, his Horse held by his 'Squire ready to mount, the Trumpet ready to sound, the Judges of the Field properly placed: But what appear'd tremendous indeed, was the Stake fix'd for the fiery Execution. The Scaffolds were fill'd with numberless Spectators, who with weeping Eyes beheld the beautiful OLINDA dress'd in white, the Emblem of her Innocence, led by two Fryars, who seated her in the Chair under the Post; she beheld the Executioner placing the Wood and combustible Matter round her with an unmoved Countenance. But when he went to put the Chain round her delicate Body, she begg'd the Favour of the Judges, she might not be fix'd to the Post, for she wou'd not move from the Place, but bear the Flames with Patience, in Token of her Innocence. At this Speech a universal Sigh, accompany'd with fresh Tears, came from the whole Assembly. After this the Judges gave the dreadful Signal, the Executioner took the lighted Torch in his Hand, the Trumpets sounded to Horse; upon which the Traytor *Arveragus*, (arm'd at all Points) mounted his Steed, and pranced about the Field, too gracefully for such a Villain! The Trumpet preparing to sound the first Call, the Herald read the Challenge with an audible Voice: *If any Person will enter the Lift in Defence of OLINDA, proved of Adultery, Arveragus is ready to answer him in single Combat.* At the third Sound of the Trumpet, a loud Shout was heard at the Entrance of the Square, and immediately a Cavalier enter'd the Lifts, mounted on a strong white Courser. His Armour was black. The Herald demanded if he came in the Behalf of the accused OLINDA? He answer'd, *Yes.* Then the Herald turn'd to OLINDA, *Do You accept this Gentleman to defend your Cause?* — *I do,* reply'd OLINDA; *and Heaven prosper him, as my Cause is just.* The villainous Traytor was something surprized at the Appearance of this Defender of OLINDA; but being a Man of the highest Spirit, he seem'd to flight his Adversary. The Judges placed the two Combatants at each End of the Lifts, and bid them prepare at the first Sound of the Trumpet, and God prosper the Right.

I BELIEVE there was not one of that whole Assembly that did not wish Victory to the Defender of OLINDA. The poor Lady lifted up her Eyes to Heaven, and with a supplicating Voice said, *O thou divine Being! that sees into our most hidden Imagination, if I am guilty of this Crime accused,*
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let

100 ADRASTUS *and* OLINDA ; *or,*

let me be punish'd with eternal Tortures ; if innocent, display thy divine Power, and prove that Innocence publick to the World. The Trumpets then sounded a Charge, and the two Combatants set Spurs to their Horses for the first Career ; but the Strength and Judgment of the Defender, had the Advantage of *Arveragus* ; they were both unhorsed, but *Arveragus* was pierced thro' the Shield into his left Arm. The Shout of the Spectators seem'd to rend the Skies at this Advantage, which cut *Arveragus* to the Soul. Now another Combat drew the Eyes of the Spectators. The two Horses being freed from their Riders, ran neighing about the Lists till they met ; and, as if they knew their Masters were Enemies, fell foul of each other, biting and kicking, till at last the Stranger's Horse, with a Blow with both his Feet in the Head of the other, fell'd him lifeless to the Ground, then ran to the Stake where OLINDA sat, and stood still, only pawing the Earth now and then, till the Executioner came to take hold of his Bridle ; but the gallant Horse, as if he owed him a Spite, bit him thro' that Arm which held the Torch to set Fire to the Faggots (if his Master was conquer'd) that was to consume the virtuous OLINDA. This raised a second Shout, louder than the first, the whole Assembly accounting it an Omen of Victory to his Master. In the mean time the Combatants were not idle, they gave and took alternate Wounds ; but the Defender of OLINDA seem'd to have the Advantage, yet *Arveragus* had Strength and Valour becoming a better Man. They fought a full half Hour, till an unlucky Blow broke the Stranger's Sword in two Pieces. Now the Spectators Hopes seem'd fled, with poor OLINDA's Fears redoubled. *Arveragus* at this Advantage exulted, and thought his Conquest sure ; but to end the Battle, was resolved to trust it in one sure Blow, aim'd at the Head of his Adversary ; but he guarded it with his broken Sword (for both their Shields were hew'd in Pieces, and thrown by as useless) and at the same Time seized the treacherous *Arveragus* by the Braces of his Helmet with such Force, that he pull'd it off his Head, and he lay grovelling on the Earth, with his Face in the Dust. The Conqueror immediately seized his Sword, putting one Foot upon his Neck, bad him beg his Life. No, reply'd the conquer'd *Arveragus*, *my Life is not worth begging ; I see the Hand of Heaven is just, and wish I had thought so sooner. I hope its Justice will grant me Breath to declare the chaste OLINDA's Innocence ; it will be some Compensation for all my Baseness.*

A BIER was order'd for the Body, to convey it out of the Crowd that press'd upon them. When they had placed him in a Chamber, the Judges and chief of the City were sent for to be present at his Confession, where he declared what already has been related; and as Heaven seem'd to preserve his Life till he had clear'd the Innocence of the suffering OLINDA, he expir'd the Moment after.

- " The righteous Gods that Innocence require,
- " Protect the Goodness which themselves inspire;
- " Unguarded Virtue human Arts defies,
- " The Accus'd is happy, while the Accuser dies.

NEVER was such rejoicing at subduing a whole Nation, than at this Conquest over Villainy and Fraud. OLINDA was led to her Palace (whose Doors she had not seen for a Twelvemonth) with all the Nobility of the City for her Attendance. She enquired for her valiant Defender, but he was not to be found. All the Information she cou'd gain was, that he mounted his Horse after the Combat, and was seen going out of the South Gate. Ten Thousand Messengers went in Quest of him, and at last found him in a Village a League from the City, with a Surgeon dressing his Wounds. OLINDA resolv'd the next Day to wait on him in Person, to pay her thankful Acknowledgments for her Life and Honour. The Night and Rest, had compos'd her Features, which the Fear of Death and her unclear'd Honour had settled in her Face before, and gave her Charms their usual Lustre. She set out upon this little Journey with few Attendants. When she arrived at the Village, she sent her Gentleman before to enquire of his Health, and to let him know she had brought her Coach to convey him to her Palace, where he might have better Attendance. The Gentleman return'd with an Answer that surprized her, which was to this Effect: *That his Wounds were not dangerous, he return'd Thanks for her Care, and was obliged to leave that Place in a few Hours.* OLINDA was confounded at this abrupt Answer, and had a Curiosity uncommon in her, to know who this Cavalier was, therefore order'd her Coach to wait at some Distance, while she walk'd with her Gentleman to the Inn where her Deliverer was. As she enter'd the Chamber, the first Face she saw was that of her long-loved ADRASTUS. He, at the Sight of her whom he ever loved, and had long thought false, felt such a trembling at his Heart that overcame his Senses, and he fell to the Earth speechless.

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speechless. OLINDA'S Surprise was almost equal to that of ADRASTUS ; she fear'd his Wounds had caused that sudden Illness, therefore the Surgeon was call'd, who left him but the Moment before ; she retired to another Room, as well to compose her troubled Mind, as to give the Surgeon Time to examine his Wounds. All her Tendernefs, all her Love revived at the Sight of the dear Object, and it was now in her Power to make him happy, if he still loved her, as by the noble Service he render'd her the Day before, made her imagine he did. But then perplexing Doubts wou'd arise in her Soul ; she fear'd some other Lady had gain'd his Heart, and perhaps hymeneal Vows were past between 'em. If so, said she to herself, his saving my Life was an Act of Cruelty, and if my Honour and Virtue had been clear'd, I shall wish Yesterday had ended that Life, which will prove a tedious Repetition of all my former Sorrows, too great to bear again.

THESE were her Thoughts ; when she was inform'd the Surgeon had new dress'd his Wounds, and ADRASTUS begg'd to see her. When she enter'd the Room, ADRASTUS, all pale and trembling, approach'd her. *Behold*, said he, *Your Victim ; I only lived to set You free, and then die a Martyr to your Perfidy. I commend your Love and Constancy to the Count MELINTHUS ; he deserved your Heart, yet I know his Generosity so well, that had he been acquainted with my Passion for You, he would never have tempted You to be false. — Oh ! speak not of Falshood*, reply'd the lovely OLINDA, *I was ever true, but deceived by my cruel Father, who forged a Paper to undoe us both. Had I been convinced of your Truth, not Racks, or all the Torments that Hell cou'd invent, cou'd ever shake my Heart.* She then proceeded to tell him of her Father's Arts, and produced the fatal printed Paper, which she always bore about her.

THE Eyes of ADRASTUS began to be open'd, and by Degrees he saw his Felicity ; but his Transports made his Wounds bleed afresh, and once more the Surgeon was sent for. He was much surprized, and told ADRASTUS this was some Disorder of the Mind, which if he did not compose, his Art wou'd have no Effect. *'Tis true, it was a Disorder of the Mind*, reply'd ADRASTUS, *but now 'tis past, and I shall grieve no more. Go to my Troop*, continued ADRASTUS, *and bid my Lieutenant march into the City ; this Day has ended all my Cares, and I shall be for ever happy. — Happy*, reply'd the fair OLINDA, *as Love, Truth and Virtue can make Thee.* Never were two such Hearts link'd by Love before,

fore. When their Transports of Joy wou'd give 'em Leave to speak Sense, OLINDA ask'd him how he heard of her Misfortune, and came so luckily to defend her Cause? *As I was marching within a League of the City,* reply'd ADRASTUS, *I found such Crowds hasting thither, that I enquired of the Cause, and being truly inform'd of every Circumstance, with the Judgment of many that You were innocent, which my Heart prompted me to believe, I was resolv'd to be your Defender. — Heaven still is Heaven,* reply'd OLINDA, *and Virtue is its Care. After all the various Storms that toss'd our Barks, we are arriv'd safe in the Port at last.* She led the happy Lover to her Coach, and enter'd the City with more Joy than Words can express. But in the mean time, Fortune was going to undoe their promised Happiness. Arveragus had a Nephew, whose chief Support dropt with the Death of the Uncle. This unhappy Wretch thought of nothing but Revenge, and the Death of the noble ADRASTUS was fix'd upon, but he knew not which Way to compass his Ends. To challenge him, he thought too dangerous an Undertaking, for his Valour gave him but small Hopes of Success: At last he came to the Resolution of disguising himself for the wicked Enterprize. The chief Surgeon of the City, who attended the Cure of ADRASTUS's Wounds, had a Servant, who had been formerly acquainted with Dromio, the Nephew of Arveragus. To this Man he apply'd, and renew'd their former Friendship. By the Servant he was introduced to the Master, without letting him know who he was, and by his Insinuation and artful Behaviour, in a few Days got into the good Graces of the Surgeon. The publick Discourse of the City was upon the Loves of ADRASTUS and OLINDA, and that their Nuptials wou'd be concluded when the Wounds he received in the Combat were heal'd. Dromio express'd a great Desire to see this noble Hero, as he call'd him, and gain'd his Master's Consent to attend him when his Wounds were dress'd. In the mean time he had provided a short Stiletto, a proper Instrument to act his cruel Design. When he came to the Apartment of ADRASTUS with the Surgeon, his often Change of Countenance, and the Horror that seem'd settled there from the Rancour of his Soul, was taken Notice of by our wounded Hero. He ask'd the Surgeon who that Person was? but before the Surgeon cou'd answer, Dromio reply'd, *A Wretch whom Thou hast undone, by murdering my dear Uncle Arveragus, and by this Blow I thus revenge his Death;* and at the same Time struck at the Breast of ADRASTUS with such Fury, that if he had not by his

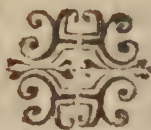
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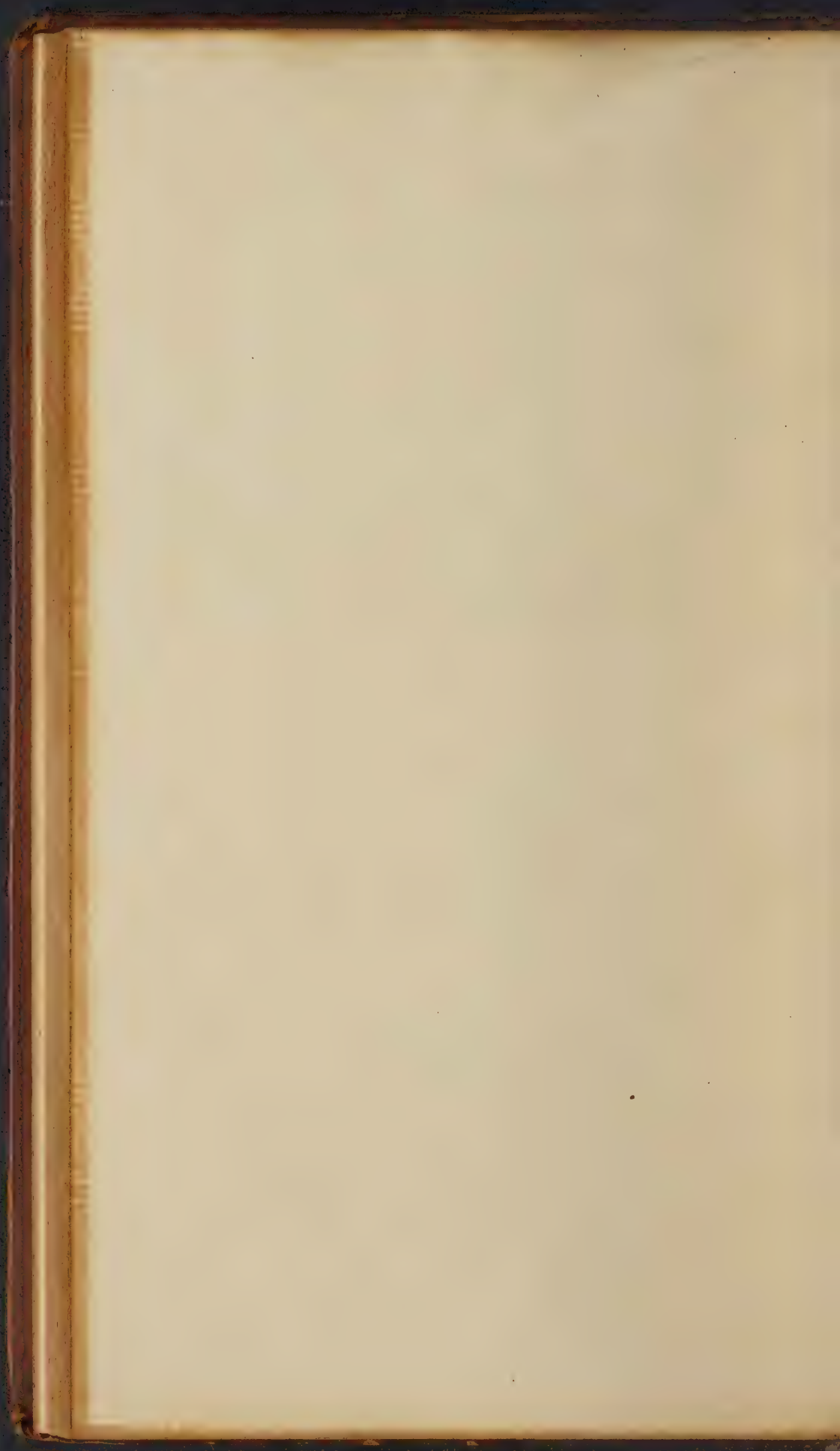
his violent Effort fell over the Surgeon, the Wound wou'd have been mortal. *ADRASTUS*, weak as he was, forced the Dagger out of his Hand, and plunged it into the Heart of the perfidious *Dromio*. He had just Time to relate the Manner of his intended Perfidy, and died cursing his Stars, in his not succeeding. This Affair gave the divine *OLINDA* many Terrors for the Life of her dear *ADRASTUS*; but she was better satisfy'd, when by Enquiry, she was inform'd the miserable *Dromio* was the last of the Race of *Arveragus*. When *ADRASTUS* was cured of his Wounds, the Story was publish'd to all the Inhabitants, and the Day fix'd for their happy Nuptials, which was solemnized with the utmost Magnificence, at the publick Charge; and to compleat their Happiness, the old Count, *OLINDA*'s Father, came from *Paris* to join their Hands. They lived together to see a smiling Race of Heavenly Children, that inherited their Father's Valour, and their Mother's Beauty.

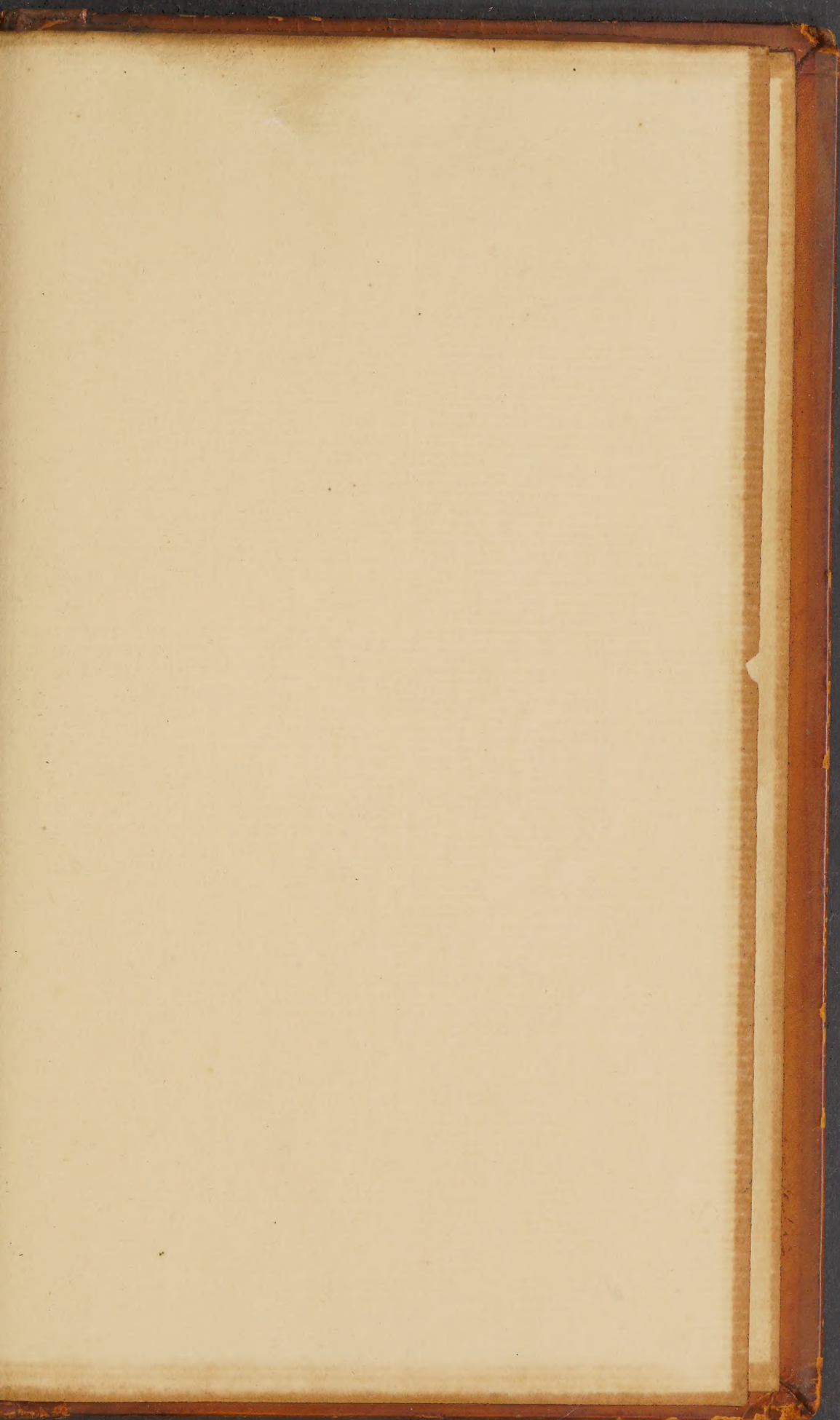
“ If You wou'd have the Nuptial Union last,

“ Let Virtue be the Bond that ties it fast.”

F I N I S.







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